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CONTENTS

ARTICLES

The Oldest Resolutions - - - - -	3
C. D. McEnniry	
Examen for Laymen - - - - -	19
F. A. Ryan	
They Also Serve - - - - -	23
G. Lahay and J. Bellon	
On Modern Youth - - - - -	29
E. F. Miller	
What Makes Converts - - - - -	35
D. F. Miller	
Voice of the Pope - - - - -	43
R. Stump	
Realism vs. Reality - - - - -	47
F. A. Brunner	

STORIES AND BIOGRAPHY

New Year Hangover - - - - -	9
E. F. Miller	
Friend of Youth - - - - -	15
A. W. Waible	

MISCELLANEOUS

Thought for the Shut-in - - - - -	8
L. F. Hyland	
Naming the Baby - - - - -	18
Tragedy - - - - -	28
L. G. Miller	
Three Minute Instruction - - - - -	34
D. F. Miller	
Moments at Mass - - - - -	42
F. A. Brunner	

DEPARTMENTS

Catholic Anecdotes - - - - -	53
Pointed Paragraphs - - - - -	55
Liguoriana - - - - -	60
New Books and Old - - - - -	62
Lucid Intervals - - - - -	64

NIGHT PRAYER

Now earth lays
Him down to sleep
'Neath snowy spreads
And coverlets deep.

We pray the Lord
For those He takes
Before earth from
Her slumber wakes —

That He their souls
May quickly bring
To where will be
Enduring spring.

— *L. G. Miller.*

FATHER TIM CASEY

THE OLDEST RESOLUTIONS

C. D. McENNIRY

"LISTEN, folks," Miss Gabriella Flanders speaking. "It is time to decide on our New Year resolutions. Who's ready? You, Stephen Tighe, what solemn vow will you register to ensure your moral, physical, mental, financial betterment during the promising new year of 1941?"

"I will resolve," Tighe replied, "to give up cigarettes, high-balls, shows and parties in order to burn the midnight oil perusing —"

"Yes, we know," Ranaghan interrupted, "you will burn the midnight oil and the midnight gas and the midnight highways, not perusing but pursuing some nit-wit driver more reckless than yourself."

"And you, Gerald Dambach?" Gabriella continued.

Dambach looked up demurely from the sofa where he and Delizia Hogan were apparently absorbed in paging through an ancient magazine. "I," he said, "resolve to continue to cultivate the sweet temper, modest demeanor and gentle disposition of which you are all aware."

"Yeah! And of which that poor little Kike was aware — painfully aware — when he bumped into you last night and bent your fender."

"I had planned a resolution of the same tenor," Elmer Hookway told the assembly, "but seeing I have all the virtues and none of the vices, I have judged it pointless to take any resolution at all."

"My resolution," Richard Ranaghan declared, rising dramatically with his hand on his vest front, "registered here before this venerable gathering, registered before the whole wide world, is to know neither peace nor rest nor joy until I have won the hand and heart — and fortune — of la charmante Mademoiselle Gabrielle Flandersze."

"You might more appropriately resolve to have sense and be your age," Gaby tossed back. "Which reminds me," she added, "That my resolution for this new year is to pray daily for Christian patience to bear with the asininity of a certain Richard Ranaghan."

"WHY don't you try renewing an old resolution?" Father Casey inquired. "Most of them are as good as new — never been used."

"I have renewed the same one for the last three years," Ann Wigglesworth said.

"I do not mean the resolution of last year or the year before — a resolution much older than that — the first resolution you ever made."

"Oh, that would be fun! Think, everybody — think hard. Try to recall your earliest resolution."

"I believe mine was to grow and grow until I grew as big as Olf Hanson, the janitor, so that I should be able to take a switch to the teacher. I thought the current arrangement decidedly one-sided. But when I confided this resolution to Mother, she did not encourage the ambition."

"I resolved to become a grocer so that I could take a handful out of that big bucket of candy any time I wanted to."

"I resolved that as soon as I should have money of my own I would buy a glorious pair of greasy blue overalls like the man that came to fix the sink."

"Mine, I think," said Gaby, "was that the first time Mummy's back was turned I would crawl under the kitchen stove and see where the cat lived."

"We shouldn't encourage you to renew that one," said Tighe.

"I shouldn't encourage you to renew any of them," Father Casey declared. "Not one of you cited the very first resolution you made, the resolution you can never renew often enough."

"Father Casey, how can you possibly know the first resolution any of us made?"

"Because I have seen the official record of it as well as the names of the witnesses in whose presence it was made."

"Oh, I know. Father is referring to Baptism."

"Precisely. And to the resolutions you had to make publicly and formally before the priest would be allowed to confer on you the great sacrament which made you a child of God and a member of the mystical body of Christ. What were those resolutions?"

"The resolution to renounce the devil and all that — what we call the baptismal vows."

"Who knows the exact wording?"

"I do, Father. I was godmother for my little niece last Sunday. The priest asks the questions, and the child answers through its sponsors: Dost thou renounce the devil? I do renounce him. And all his works? I do renounce them. And all his pomps? I do renounce them."

"THERE," cried the priest, "is a resolution for New Year! A real man-sized resolution! A resolution for New Year and for Easter Sunday and for Christmas and the Fourth of July and for every day of your life—a resolution which you were obliged to take, which, with God's grace, you are able to keep, but which unfortunately you so often break. For these reasons it is a resolution which you should renew with all the strength of your will at the beginning of this new year."

"Father, why did we have to renounce the devil before the priest would baptize us?"

"Because you were taking out citizenship papers in the kingdom of heaven, therefore you had to renounce the devil whose subject you had been on account of original sin, just as an Englishman must renounce his former allegiance to Britain before he can be made an American citizen."

"And if we break this resolution?"

"If you do, there is only one word to describe you, and it is the ugly word—traitor. In earthly kingdoms a traitor must die. In the kingdom of heaven God Himself died that the traitor might be pardoned and live and be re-admitted into the friendship of his King provided he repents of his treason and comes to renew his allegiance. Every mortal sin is high treason against your heavenly King; it is renouncing God, to whom you have sworn allegiance in Baptism, and going back to His deadly enemy, the devil."

"Father, it is not hard to renounce the devil. Who would want to have anything to do with the dirty brute?"

"It is not hard," the priest replied, "to hate him. He hates all his subjects and they all hate him. But to renounce him—that is another thing. It means renouncing temptations to many things that do seem alluring, desirable, even loveable. Whoever yields to these temptations, far from renouncing him, makes himself the subject of the devil, regardless of how much he hates him."

"We must also," said Ranaghan, "renounce the works of the devil. What are his works?"

"His one occupation," the priest explained, "is hating God and trying to make others offend him. That is what he is continually working at. If you weaken before his subtle solicitations and offend God you are working the works of the devil. When you renounce the works of the devil you renounce sin."

"Then that is a resolution to keep us busy every minute of the new year."

"FATHER, what are the pomps of the devil?"

"Say, this is not *my* examination. High time you did some of the answering yourselves. Elmer, let us hear from you."

"Every time," Hookway drawled, "I see that ancient car of Gaby Flanders I think it looks like one of the pomps of the devil."

"Neither Gabriella's venerable automobile nor your streamlined speeder belong to the devil. They are innocent creatures of God which can be used for good or abused for evil. They do not belong to the devil, but the devil may ride in them. They may be turned over to the works of the devil, as automobiles so often are. How many thousands of Christians who in Baptism renounced the devil, abuse cars to commit sin or for the still more diabolical work of leading others into sin."

"The pomps of the devil, I imagine," said Ranaghan, "would be the gorgeous pageants prepared for some great sinner who stands high in the world."

"Yes," Father Casey agreed, "especially if this honor is given him on account of the evil he has done."

"Or the luxury, the jewels, the furs, the yachts, the mansions of the idle rich," Tighe suggested.

"If such are the pomps of the devil I am perfectly safe in renouncing them," said Dambach.

"It would be more practical for us," the priest reminded them, "to come nearer home."

"More practical, yes, Father, but not nearly so comfortable."

"Pomps of the devil," the priest continued, "mean also any ostentation of beauty, wealth or strength or skill or success, aye, even of charity or piety, through a sinful motive. That sinful motive turns those pomps over to the devil. Hence not only the yacht of the millionaire but also the greased hair and vociferous tie of the dry goods clerk or the painted lips, crimson claws, and scanty gown of the stenographer could constitute pomps of the devil."

"Isn't it strange, Father, that in our baptismal vows all is negative and not positive? We promise to renounce, but we do not promise to do."

"The positive part is understood, and it is the more important part. If you read the ceremonies and prayers of Baptism, you will see that

THE LIGURIAN

the positive part runs through the entire rite. You are warned to keep the commandments, to love God and the neighbor, to keep your baptism blameless and your baptismal robe without stain. In the early Church, immediately after renouncing the devil, the catechumen was called upon to promise that he would give himself up unreservedly to Christ, love Christ with his whole heart and soul, and strive all his life to make his actions Christlike. Those promises are no longer made in so many words, but they are understood in your renunciation of Christ's enemy, the devil. The only reason you renounce the devil is to give yourself entirely to Christ."

"**T**HERE go the midnight bells!" cried Ranaghan. "Father, make us renew the first and best resolution we ever took."

"Dost thou renounce the devil?" the priest demanded.

"We do renounce him."

"And all his works?"

"We do renounce them."

"And all his pomps?"

"We do renounce them," all answered in one strong voice that shook the chandeliers of St. Mary's club room.

"Well begun is half done. After such a beginning, I can wish you, and feel that my wish will come true, a truly happy New Year," said Father Casey.

Not Yet a Lady

King George V of England, shortly after his coronation, was taking a trip with the Queen and their two children. They were due to board a vessel at a certain time, but the two children were dawdling about as children will. The officer in charge of the trip went to the little princess and said:

"Come along, little lady."

The little girl looked him over carefully and then answered:

"I am not a little lady. I am the Princess Mary."

About that time the queen had arrived on the scene and overheard her daughter's words. She turned to the officer and said:

"She is quite right. She is not a 'little lady'. But we hope to make her one."

THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN

Resolutions

L. F. HYLAND

One might be inclined to think that making resolutions for a new year is something to be expected only from the hale and hearty—from those who, because of their contact with and activity in the world, have things to do and things to avoid. It should hardly be expected of those whose whole life is confined to the four walls of a sick room, or whose activities have been reduced to a minimum by some physical ailment or incapacity.

Nothing could be more erroneous. The sick person has a "sphere of influence" (to adopt a political phrase) even though it be materially circumscribed, and in that sphere he has work to do and dangers to avoid. He has a soul-life, and in that there is room for progress toward perfection, or slothful deterioration. The danger for all of us, sick or well, is that we are too ready to make resolutions that do not fit our particular need or strike at our favorite weakness. A sensual man gladly makes resolutions to overcome pride; a proud man enthusiastically resolves not to be sensual; both overlook the weakness that needs their attention. So with the shut-in. He might like to make resolutions about what he would do if he were well; the important thing is to make those that apply to him while he is sick.

There are two resolutions that we would recommend to all shut-ins as a means of accomplishing a great work in themselves and for others. The first is:

I shall be content with God's will.

The essence of sanctity is contained in that. It is not an easy resolution to carry out. It involves praying for resignation, practicing resignation by repeated acts of submission to God's will, loving resignation with the whole heart and soul and mind and will, just as one is commanded to love God.

The second is:

I shall be cheerful always in the presence of others.

This too is not an easy resolution to keep. But it can be done, in so far as so much of our external appearance is under the command of the will and regulated by our internal rejoicing in God's will. Notice, we do not say "I shall always *feel* cheerful." A sick person cannot always feel cheerful. But he can always appear cheerful, by cultivating a smile, by developing a sense of humor, by casting about for happy words and phrases to say to those who come to call. The cheerful shut-in will have plenty of visitors, and every new visitor will become a part of his apostolate—to be elevated and inspired by one whose actions teach louder than words that there is no gloom where God is truly loved.

NEW YEAR HANGOVER

Drinking parties are not the only causes of the dark brown taste and the balloon-like head the morning after. Or rather, drinking parties are but a partial cause of the worst hangover of all.

E. F. MILLER

IT WAS New Year's afternoon.

The three Dalleys (formerly just plain Daly) sat in the luxurious living room of their apartment and pondered industriously with pen and paper the resolutions which a pagan world paradoxically demanded that they make for the coming year. There was complete and unbroken silence.

The day was propitious for their dismal occupation, dark and sulky, with a cold, damp wind coming out of the east, and a threat of rain in the air. On the streets and sidewalks below (if one cared to peer down fifteen stories) there could be seen stray patches of dirty ice and leftover snow, the remnants of the storm the week before. The city was silent and apparently deserted—as it should be after the rollicking celebrations of New Year's Eve.

The apartment itself was cozy enough—its heavily draped windows shutting out the sullenness of the weather, and its thick rugs and appealing chairs bespeaking the comfort of an Oriental salon. Electric lamps cast their glow only on the places they guarded leaving the rest of the room in reverent shadows. There was nothing out of taste, nothing lacking the proper tone to soothe weary bodies and troubled minds.

Of course there was nothing, on the other hand, very Christian about it all, nothing very ascetic or reminiscent of the catacombs. One would not gather at first glance that here was a home wherein lived the children of the martyrs. It was small, too small to house new arrivals; nor could the rooms be extended to admit this blessing. On the walls hung etchings of unknown seas charging into rocky shores, of wintry forests and ancient ships, of fac-similes of famous masterpieces. Nude statues stood as book ends on the lone table, inclosing a lacquered set of Shakespeare's sonnets. Scattered about in careless disarray were quality magazines as well as those devoted to pictures and the stars of Hollywood.

The Dalleys had indeed come a long way in a short time—not only in

THE LIGURIAN

the prosperity of their way of life, but also in the broadness of their way of thought.

MRS. DALLEY — Mrs. Cecelia Dalley — made an extremely pretty picture as she sat at the escritoire in the throes of creative composition. She was twenty-nine years old and looked no more than eighteen. Of course when she was eighteen, she was still working at Bloomingdale's in the basement, and living on East 60th Street near the river with her mother who took in washing, and her father who took in nothing. To look at her now, so soft and slender, so poised and queenly, you would think that she had been born to the purple royal, and not that she had had it thrust upon her.

Without a doubt there was some good in her, for she came from upright parents; in fact there were times when traces of the supernatural could be clearly seen. But generally her philosophy of life was a queer combination of conservative worldliness and worldly Christianity. In the spirit of the former she avoided all that was blatantly and publicly vulgar, yet did not scruple to be seen amidst the obscenities of sophisticated and swanky night clubs; and in the spirit of the latter she adhered strongly to the principles of contraception, yet did not dare to miss her Mass on Sunday. She spoke with the slightest suggestion of an English accent. And she was wretchedly unhappy.

Mr. Thomas Dalley was his wife's senior by a year. He too came from simple and uncontaminated stock. But before he was a man, he broke away from the influence of his youth, thrashed around here and there for a time, and finally found himself at Harvard through the help of a surfeited philanthropist who, having robbed people all his life, now felt the urge to give back some of his earnings to the people as a proof of his love for humanity and as a lasting memorial to his name.

It was at Harvard that Mr. Dalley (still Daly at that time) obtained his knowledge of the law and a degree, and lost his faith. True, he continued to go to Mass on Sundays and to receive the Sacraments on occasion; and he was always hearty when he met a priest, addressing him as "Father," and inviting him up to his quarters for a drink. But he was full of deep and subtle doubts concerning such shameful skeletons as the Inquisition and Alexander VI. With the candor of a child he would question the scientific possibility of Jonah's remaining three days

in a whale's belly, and with a wisdom far beyond the co-religionists of his youth he would state boldly that Communism was by no means all bad. His friends were Masons, and his enemies anyone who would deprive him of a fee or expect him to work for nothing. His philosophy of life was hedonism and money-making. And he was utterly unhappy.

Myrna Dalley, their only daughter, was the third member of the little group busy with the task of making resolutions. She was nine years old, and during the whole nine years had been consummately neglected by her parents. Her education at home and in the public school had been haphazard and loose, putting no stress on the acquisition of virtue or the development of character, and giving heed only to what was external, socially pragmatic and modern. The results of her training were clear even as she lay sprawling on the floor. Her dress was far too short even for a child; her fingernails had no right to be red; neither was it proper that her lips be painted. But so it was, and no one seemed to bother.

Strangely enough the girl had not suffered interiorly—at least so far—from such neglect. She was serious and responsible, and had a deep sense of the difference between right and wrong. Her cosmos was one that contained a God, and in her consciousness there were certain laws that had to be obeyed. Undoubtedly it was a throwback to her grandparents; or better still, the image of God shining forth in the innocence of childhood. At any rate it could not be attributed to her parents.

THE resolution-making went forward slowly. It was hard work, especially for the elders. The party they had attended the eve before had been a particularly hilarious one. It had started off decently and decorously; but with the coming of stimulants the shades were put down and with them certain amenities and inhibitions. The Dalleys were amongst the first to leave—and that was just at dawn. They slept a few hours and were now suffering from remorse and a sickening disgust at the memory of their conduct. Resolutions were imperative—as they always are even amongst heathens after an evening of cultured debauchery.

Mrs. Dalley was the first to finish her writing. She turned her sweet little face to her family and said: "Here are mine. Want me to read them?" There was no answer. "I say," she repeated with some

THE LIGURIAN

asperity, "do you want to hear my resolutions?" Still there was no answer. "All right, then. I'll read them anyway. Surely my devoted husband will be interested in the resolutions of his beloved wife." She looked at him distastefully, lit a cigarette, then began.

"My resolutions for 1941. First, to eat less starchy foods, particularly candy and ice cream. *This one I must keep at all costs. Do you realize that I've gained three pounds in the past month alone? It's that Worthington woman who's to blame — she and her luncheons! I never could stand her anyway.* . . . Second, to drink fewer cocktails both at home and away from home. *This too is important. My masseuse told me just the other day that there is nothing that creates wrinkles so rapidly as overindulgence in whiskey.* Third, to have the apartment entirely done over in light purple. . . ." She got no further. Mr. Dalley was on his feet.

"Ye gods," he cried. "Of all the senseless, selfish, useless resolutions, those take the prize. There's not an intelligent one on the whole list. How about resolving to cut down a bit on expenses around this place instead of making new ones? How about resolving to show a little more of that charming personality with which you bewitch others to the one who is supporting you? When you're not out with that crowd of fuzzy females, you have them here under my feet, and generally just at the time that I need a little rest and quiet. How about . . ."

"That will do, Mr. Dalley," his wife cut in. She was standing beside him, the top of her curled head just barely reaching the point of his clean-shaved, manly chin. There was fire in her eyes and venom in her voice. "Yes, that will do *quite* enough. I suppose I'm the only one around here with any faults. I suppose I'm the only one that needs reforming. Let's hear *your* resolutions, and we'll see who needs reforming most."

"You bet I'll read them," he shouted. "And you, you little wench, take note. They're for you as well as for me. First, I'm going to work harder so as to make more money. *Did you hear that? Not to "spend" more money, but to "make" more money.* Second, I'm going to break loose of your poor relations who have been bleeding me to the last drop ever since we were married. *And you can tell them that too.* Third, I'm going to join a club where I'll improve my professional contacts and where I'll find some peace and quiet." He threw the paper aside, and resealed himself. "There," he said. "We'll get a little order in this place if I have to go to the judge for it."

"Huh!" snorted Mrs. Dalley as sarcastically as utter femininity would allow her to snort. "Let me give you a few suggestions. I notice that you said nothing about that blonde hussy who seems to have her cap set for you and for whom you're falling hard, you poor sap. That's right, look startled. I'm not entirely blind, you know. And I noted a sharp silence concerning a resolution to stay home a little more in 1941 than you did in 1940. Three days a week at your own fireside is not a very good record, you'll admit. And of course, there's nothing at all in regard to your wife. Do you remember when you kissed me last? Can you recall when you took me out to a show or something last — unless you had to?" She began to cry. "I don't know how much longer I can stand it."

"Well, if that's the way you feel about me, if you want to get rid of me, perhaps it would be better if we . . ." A voice intruded.

"Mother, Daddy," it said. "I've finished. May I read my resolutions to you?" Myrna was still full length on the floor. Evidently she had been unmindful of the storm that raged around her. One hand held a crumpled paper; the other pressed a stub of pencil against her lips. She was scanning her writing carefully. "I hope I haven't forgotten any. But listen. Here they are." She began to read.

"First, I'm going to be a better girl to my father and mother during 1941, that is, if my father and mother are still living together in 1941. *Somebody told me, mother, that maybe you wouldn't be. I hope you will.* I will play with my Daddy when he comes home from work at night, that is, if he comes home from work; and I will get up when my mother calls me in the morning, that is, if my mother gets up first to call me. I am going to start at a Catholic school this month, that is, if my mother and father let me start. *The priest told me in confession, Daddy, that I should ask you to send me to a Catholic school, because, he said, it is wrong for Catholics to go to public schools. We're Catholics, aren't we?* I'm always going to say my morning and night prayers, and try to go to Communion every week, that is if my mother remembers not to give me any breakfast. I'm going to try hard in 1941 to be real good so that when I grow up I'll be beautiful like my mother, and kind like my father, and holy like Our Lord." She looked up from her paper. "That's all," she said. "Do you think I got everything necessary in?"

FOR a full minute there was absolute silence in the room. The ways of Providence are inscrutable. And Providence was working now — working through the crystal-clear words of a little child. Grace was at large, and it was hard to resist. In Mrs. Dalley's eyes there were still tears; but they were new tears. On Mr. Dalley's face there was the expression of one who has just emerged from the folds of a dream.

"Celie," he said at length. *Celie! Why he hasn't called me that in months.* The last remnants of her anger melted away. "Celie," he repeated. "Are you happy?"

"No, I'm not," she answered. "I'm miserable."

"And so am I. Have been for the longest time. It's clear we got off at the wrong stop somewhere along the line — both of us. I'm thinking we ought to get on again. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, Tom." *Tom! Why, she hasn't called me that in months.* "When did we go to confession last, Celie? It's a couple of years, isn't it? What say if we make that our first resolution?"

"And tear up the others that we made?"

"Absolutely," he responded. She took the two papers and tore them into tiny pieces. "Then what?" she asked.

"Only this. We'll make Myrna's resolutions our own. She's told us what we have to do anyway. Here, Myrna, give me that paper." She handed him her resolutions. He immediately sat down and signed his name at the bottom under the signature of his daughter. "And now you, Celie." She placed her name under his. He held the paper aloft. "This," he proclaimed, "marks the new beginning for the *Daly* family."

Then he did what was only proper. He sealed the bargain by taking his wife in his arms. He kissed her tenderly.

Teetotler Extremes

Reverend James H. Linsley was a strictly orthodox evangelical clergyman; and he was fanatical on the subject of temperance. Before his children were six years old they were made to sign a document in which they promised to abstain from intoxicating liquor. His wife was a good singer and spent long hours in practice. One day Mr. Linsley found lying on the piano a song she had just learned; it was Jonson's "Drink to me only with thine eyes." He told her such a song was not fitting for a young lady to sing. He then erased the word *Drink* and wrote in the word *Eat*; henceforth she sang it "Eat to me only with thine eyes."

FRIEND OF YOUTH

The story of one of the greatest pioneers in work for youth that the country has known. It will give new impetus to all present day youth projects, if, please God, he may soon be canonized as the first American Saint.

A. W. WAIBLE

THE youthful gaze eagerly turns to its heroes. The manner of speech, of action, and of general bearing are all carefully studied, and then are copied by these juvenile admirers. Heroes in the moral order are such men and women of sterling Catholic virtue who deserve that their pure speech and Christian conduct be sedulously cultivated and imitated by our Catholics. Such a hero is the Ven. Bishop Neumann of Philadelphia. The Church has already pronounced on his heroic practice of Christian virtue; and Catholics in the U. S. A. are eagerly praying that the halo of sainthood may soon encircle his brow. His noble life and deeds are the inspiration of his fellowmen. The earthly career of this Christian hero was closed at the comparatively early age of 49.

An event in his early childhood may well serve to illustrate a characteristic which distinguished this great man throughout his life as a priest, religious and bishop—his profound, sympathetic interest in the spiritual and temporal welfare of the young. Once the Servant of God saw a poor child going from door to door with a bag on his

back. Ven. John's heart was touched, and in his childlike compassion he exclaimed: "Oh, if I only had a bag, I could go about begging with the poor boy, and then he would get more!"

Shortly after landing on the shores of America in 1836, young Neumann then a seminarian, was charged with the duty of catechizing the children of St. Nicholas' Church, situated on the lower East-side of New York. Many of them were soon to receive their First Holy Communion. To prepare young souls for the worthy reception of Holy Communion, and to awaken in them the liveliest devotion toward the Blessed Sacrament, were his greatest delight. His efforts in behalf of the little ones entrusted to his care were always accompanied by fervent petitions to Heaven imploring grace for them. "Jesus, Thou Friend of children," he would exclaim, "have mercy on these little ones whom I am preparing for Thy Banquet of Love."

On Sunday, June 26th, 1836 Father Neumann offered his First Holy Mass in that same St. Nicholas' Church. In a letter to a priest of his native town, the young

priest describes this memorable event. "The feast was celebrated with great pomp . . . I gave First Communion to 30 children whom I had myself prepared. A great and unexpected pleasure was mine after Mass. My little First Communicants, accompanied by their parents, called upon me to offer their thanks for the pains I had taken to instruct them. Before taking leave, each presented me with a little token of their gratitude."

IN HIS apostolic labors in northern New York State, no duty awakened livelier interest in the young priest, Neumann, than the instruction of youth. Owing to the poverty of his scattered congregations, he himself assumed the duties of schoolmaster, instructing the children in religion, reading, writing and arithmetic. He knew well how to suit his words and demeanor to the age and capacity of his pupils, among whom he ever appeared with a smiling and affectionate countenance. As soon as he put in his appearance, the children would flock around him, and lovingly salute him. To encourage their good behavior and diligence, he used to give them rewards—medals, rosaries, pictures, and candy.

Later on, as a Redemptorist Superior in Pittsburgh, we see Father Neumann exhibiting the same affectionate interest in the education of youth. The well-being and progress of the school was always a primary object with him. He took it under his own

special superintendence, and bestowed upon it all the time and attention which he could spare from other duties. He excelled in catechetical instruction. The simplicity of his explanations appealed to the young understanding; whilst the piety of his own great heart awoke a corresponding flame in theirs. He was, besides, so affable, so gracious, so condescending towards the little ones, that he at once found a way to their innocent, young hearts and won their entire confidence. A Catechism suited to the use of our schools was at that time a desideratum. Father Neumann took upon himself the difficult task of compiling a large and a small catechism in German. Both were subsequently approved by the First Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1852. Both were universally acclaimed, and both reached many editions.

AS BISHOP of Philadelphia, on April 28th, 1852, Ven. Neumann called a meeting of all the pastors to devise ways and means of establishing a school in each parish. In furtherance of the work of education, he introduced into the Diocese the Brothers of the Christian Schools, the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur, and the Sisters of the Holy Cross from Le Mans. As an adjunct to his works of charity, the Bishop himself founded in the Diocese the Sisters of the III Order of St. Francis. On his visitations, he would gather round him the children of the various

parishes, to give them instructions; he always encouraged both pastors and parents, as well as the little ones themselves, to renewed exertions. He often attended the public examinations and questioned the pupils himself. Besides the parochial schools, Bishop Neumann also devoted his attention to the industrial schools already in existence; to the colleges and academies established by various Religious Orders; and encouraged the foundation of others.

The orphans were the special object of the holy Bishop's solicitude; he was their loving father. Under his fostering care, St. Vincent's Home for Orphans was established in the Cathedral parish, as well as St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, presided over by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. A Sister of a certain community wrote: "When Bishop Neumann visited an orphan asylum, he appeared the very counterpart of Our Lord, the Friend of children. He went among them like a tender, loving father. He never came with empty pockets, always bringing some presents, such as books, pictures, toys, etc. The little ones would gather round him and listen attentively while he told them of God's love for them, or explained the different parts of a flower, or some other wonder of nature, in language suited to their young minds. He knew how to use plain and simple language, such as would claim the attention of even the most frolicsome. He led them, as far as their capacity permitted, from the meditation of created

things up to the contemplation of God Himself. The children's many questions never annoyed him." Even as a Bishop, he still claimed as his own, the attending to sick-calls at night. In the exercise of this function, he often found a dying parent to whom the thought of leaving a helpless orphan proved most bitter. In such cases the kind heart of the Bishop grew glad at being able to soothe and render the dying soul resigned to the holy Will of God, with the promise that he himself would take charge of the orphaned child.

Bishop Neumann never lost an opportunity of impressing on his clergy the necessity of devoting special attention to boys who manifested a vocation for the Priesthood. He sent numbers of boys to college at his own expense, that they might prepare for the higher studies. In 1859 he established his own Preparatory Seminary. He raised the standard of study and discipline at the Major Diocesan Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo. When at home, no day passed without his visiting the Seminary. He used to give the theological students discourses on Pastoral Theology, into which he knew how to weave excellent remarks on Moral Theology, Canon Law and Church History.

MAY the readers of these lines earnestly beseech the Divine Friend of Youth to hasten the day of the Ven. Bishop's Beatification. May our Catholic youth confidently implore the holy Prelate to intercede for them.

NAMING THE BABY

Mother-love no longer presents a mystery to the psychologists. In their relentless searching for the truth, they wrote to a number of fond parents asking them to send in every designation applied to their children, not omitting the silliest effusions of maternal tenderness. No less than 780 different terms were received, and they indeed constitute a record for posterity. Here is a partial list together with the number of times each term was reported:

Pet — 52	Bub — 19	Rascal — 10	Sunbeam — 7
Darling — 49	Sissy — 16	Popsy-wopsy — 10	Monkey — 6
Baby — 41	Angel — 15	Daisy — 9	Midget — 6
Honey — 31	Ducky — 15	Fatty — 9	Rosebud — 6
Sweetheart — 31	Birdy — 13	Kittie — 9	Sweetmeat — 5
Sweetness — 30	Chatterbox — 13	Lamb — 8	Bunnie — 4
Kid — 27	Puss — 13	Sonny — 8	Dickey — 4
Sugar-plum — 23	Pudding — 13	Jewel — 7	Cry-baby — 4
Brat — 20	Chicken — 13	Girlie — 7	Nuisance — 4
Dumpling — 20	Precious — 12	Bibbie — 7	Curly-head — 4
Tootsy-wootsy — 20	Dolly — 12	Dearie — 7	

Nor is that all! Many parents reported that they sought for their pet names in the animal kingdom, e.g., ape, goat, puss, titmouse, cow, horsie, salamander, lambkin, periwinkle, pollywog, oyster, goosie, cuckoo, tomtit, chickadee, blackbird, jaybird. Others showed a preference for plant life: apple-blossom, apple-cider, pippin, peach, turnip, peony, beanstalk, chickweed, harebell, peep-o'-day.

Other unfortunate youngsters were blighted by the following self-explanatory terms: snooty, bow-legs, thumbkin, bony-legs, neck, brick-top, runt, frowzle-top, bushel, warty, bright-eyes, shinny-bone, hairpin, clothes-pin, tuning-fork, tow-head, lunky, slab-sides, snowball, nigger, butter-ball, broom-stick, bean-pole, brownie, smutty, milksop, scarecrow, gig-lamps, wobbler, paticake, trombone, soap-sides, sozzle, jabberer, squawker, sticking-plaster. Of a different order are mouth-watering monickers like the following: honey, sweetness, sugar-plum, bun, yum-yum, cake, mint-drop, cream-cheese, chocolate-cream.

The following double-barrelled terms of endearment will make our readers quiver: lovey-dovey, roly-poly, kit-cat, hun-pun, airy-fairy, unky-dunky, tootsy-wootsy, popsy-wopsy, flim-flam, hodge-podge, soft-snap, piggy-wiggy, nipperty-tuck, buz-fuz, poosey-woosey, lamie-wamey, orty-warty, highty-tighty, bity-wity, enty-twenty, flibly-flab, thimble-rigger, fiberty-gibbets, slab-dab, fiddle-de-flumps, ninny-hammer, pot-snap.

EXAMEN FOR LAYMEN

How much do you know about what the various Christian virtues demand of you, and how seriously they demand it? How much of what you know do you put into practice? Here is your opportunity to find out.

F. A. RYAN

SELF-EXAMINATION has always been considered an almost necessary means to progress in virtue and perfection. When made, it should be accompanied by prayer, penance, and resolve. Because we have seldom seen a thorough examination of conscience in which sins were catalogued according to their malice, we have set ourselves to the task of providing one in that form.

Each month during 1941 a key virtue will be taken, and an examination of conscience presented under three heads: Mortal Sins; Venial Sins; Helps and Counsels. If personal doubts are raised by any listing, a confessor should be consulted for clarification; if theoretical doubts are raised, a letter to the editor of *THE LIGUORIAN* will bring an answer, and the answers will be published the following month. Letters should be signed, though the name of the writer will not be used.

The twelve virtues about which the examination of conscience will be centered will be: 1. Faith. 2. Hope. 3. Love of God. 4. Reverence for God. 5. Love of Neighbor (positive). 6. Love of Neighbor (negative). 7. Justice. 8. Chastity. 9. Temperance. 10. Obedience. 11. Meekness. 12. Humility. Sometimes the inclusion of certain questions under a particular head may seem arbitrary, i.e., it may be argued that they rightly and logically belong elsewhere. This may happen because convenience and completeness will be sought after rather than the strictest philosophical procedure. It is recommended to those who would like to make progress in virtue that the examen be read over thoughtfully once a week during the month of its appearance, with the appropriate acts of prayer, sorrow and resolve.

FAITH

Definition:

Faith is the theological virtue infused by God by which we firmly assent to all that God has revealed and made known through His Church, because of the veracity of God. The virtue of faith forbids, in general,

THE LIGUORIAN

voluntary neglect to acquire sufficient knowledge of one's faith, denial of one's faith, and participation in false forms of the worship of God.

Examination:

1. MORTAL SINS

1. Have I denied that I was a Catholic, or openly expressed my disbelief in any doctrine of the Catholic faith?

2. Have I affiliated myself, even for a short time, with a non-Catholic sect or religious body?

3. Have I suggested or encouraged doubts about the Catholic faith in the minds of others?

4. Have I expressed the opinion that all religions are equally good or equally true or equally pleasing in the eyes of God?

5. Have I neglected to settle serious doubts about my faith by reading, studying, questioning or consulting someone who could clear up my doubts?

6. Have I, without the necessary permission, read or kept or given to others forbidden books, such as Protestant Bibles, books on the "Index of Prohibited Reading Matter," books that pretend or profess to disprove the truth of the Catholic faith or that profess to prove the truth of a religion contrary to my faith?

7. Have I, without a good reason, associated with persons who talked against my faith, or subjected it to ridicule?

8. Have I attended meetings or listened to speeches or sermons directed against my faith?

9. Have I joined a secret society forbidden by the laws of the Church, such as the Masons, the Oddfellows, etc.?

10. Have I attended a Protestant Church service and taken part in its worship?

11. Have I contributed to the advancement of a Protestant sect?

12. Have I consulted a fortune-teller in the belief that I could learn something about the future, or made others think that I could really tell their future?

13. Have I practiced superstition, believing that certain charms could really protect me, or certain foolish practices save me from danger?

14. Have I attended a spiritualistic seance?

15. Have I planned to marry, or actually pretended to enter the state of marriage, before a minister, or a judge, or a civil magistrate? Have

THE LIGURIAN

I approved of other Catholics doing this or stood up for them when they did it?

16. Have I endangered my faith and that of my possible children by keeping company with a non-Catholic without a reason and without trying to bring the person to understand and accept the Catholic faith?

17. Have I, without the necessary permission, sent my children to a non-Catholic grade school, or approved of others doing so? Or without serious reason, to a non-Catholic high school or university?

2. VENIAL SINS

1. Have I been irreverent in Church and before the Blessed Sacrament?

2. Have I disturbed and distracted others in their prayers and devotions?

3. Have I kept others from prayer or devotions for some selfish reason?

4. Have I carefully avoided giving any sign that I was a Catholic because I might have been subjected to some ridicule if I did?

5. Have I read only such books and magazines as might be called dangerous, even though they are not directly forbidden, e.g., books giving false and worldly views of life, novels that are frothy and barren of any principle?

6. Have I seldom, if ever, made an explicit act of faith?

7. Have I been slow in trying to banish or overcome doubts against faith?

8. Have I been careless and half-hearted in teaching my children to love their faith and to make acts of faith?

9. Have I deliberately passed up direct opportunities of informing others about the Catholic faith, by going out of my way to avoid speaking of it?

10. Have I accepted the will of God and believed firmly in His providence in the sorrows of life?

11. Have I been irreverent in the use of sacramentals, such as holy water, the Sign of the Cross, etc.?

3. HELPS AND COUNSELS

1. Have I frequently thanked God for my faith?

2. Have I prayed for stronger faith every day?

3. Have I purchased or borrowed books that could enlighten me further about my faith?

THE LIGURIAN

4. Have I read any Catholic newspaper or magazines to gain a better knowledge of my faith?

5. Have I thought at all about the important truths of faith: death, judgment, heaven, hell?

6. Have I tipped my hat, or bowed my head, when passing a Catholic Church?

7. Have I greeted a priest, as a representative of Christ, when meeting one on the street?

8. Have I visited the Blessed Sacrament when opportunities presented themselves?

9. Have I sacrificed any time or self-interest to attend devotions or sermons not commanded?

10. Have I invited non-Catholics to attend a Catholic service with me, or to read any Catholic literature?

11. Have I placed signs of my faith in my home, such as a crucifix, pictures of the Blessed Mother or the saints?

12. Have I carried a rosary, or worn a medal, or had anything on my person showing my faith?

13. Have I contributed prayers, services, or money to missionary organizations or laborers for the spread of my faith?

14. Have I tried to see in others, not their faults and sins, but the image of God and the souls for which He shed His blood?

15. Have I tried every day to recall at set intervals the presence of God near me and within me?

16. Have I, after a serious sin, realized that so long as that sin remained on my soul I was an enemy of God and worthy of being condemned to hell?

—Business Without Sentiment—

In California, some years ago, states a writer in the *Tablet*, an enterprising company was formed which professed to sell insurance against undue sentiment. Their agent would call at a house and talk to either husband or wife (apart) urging them to buy a cheap monument for their partner. The sales argument was this: "Buy now, while you clearly see your partner as he (she) really is. If you let it go till after their death, you will order something needlessly expensive, doing no good to anyone, because you are in the first flood of remorse. Get this little matter settled right now on common sense grounds."

THEY ALSO SERVE

Narrow and shallow views on the question of clerical exemption from military training have frequently led to unfair and unpatriotic charges against priests and seminarians. Here is a reasoned presentation of the right point of view.

G. LAHAY AND J. BELLON

"SLACKER" is a hateful word at any time. But in the period of emotional stress before or during a national war, when that word is leveled at those suspected of evading their evident duty, it takes on a malignancy that cuts like a lash. During the great world war there was hardly a sound that rasped more harshly on the ears of Catholic seminarians and priests than that seven lettered word. The sight of a healthy young man dressed in any but a soldier's uniform was too much for many people, who looked on clerical exemption as an unreasonable and unjust privilege of a class.

The same tendencies, though to a lesser extent, were revealed in the recent struggle waged on the floor of Congress for clerical exemption from military training, and even today there are no doubt rankles in the hearts of some a feeling of resentment against it. Others, however friendly, would be pleased to learn the justifying reasons for such exemption. With such enlightenment in view, it can be stated that clerical exemption is not an unfair advantage given to a privileged class, but a policy based on the firm foundation of true idealism and religious liberty, which in turn pays dividends a hundred fold to the military might of a nation.

A telling point could be made, for men of good will, of the fact that the ideal of a minister of God is the imitation of Jesus Christ, with all the virtues and attitudes of mind that characterized the Son of God on earth; and the ideal of the seminarian is to acquire, by prayer and study and self-denial, those virtues and attitudes. If that be granted, it must also be granted that the atmosphere of an army camp, and the study of methods of destruction and killing, would hardly be compatible with the calling a priest or the task of a seminarian. But entirely apart from the question of ideals and the rights involved in religious liberty, the principle is maintained by all Catholics that the government, in time of emergency or war, has a right to the services of trained ministers

of religion in sufficient numbers for its needs. It has a right to their services as chaplains for the men in uniform, and at the same time it needs their ministrations in behalf of citizens who cannot actually serve in the ranks. These things it can demand, and these things have always been given with enthusiasm and courage by the Catholic priesthood.

IN THE service of chaplaincy to the armed forces, the Catholic priesthood has proved that its contribution to the military might of a nation is far in excess of any aid it could give by shouldering arms. "Experience in war times," said Msgr. Ready, speaking recently in Congress, "is evidence that any loss of fighting personnel arising out of the exemption of ministers of religion and students for the ministry is not only meagre, but is generously compensated for by the advantage of morale, unity, and loyalty promoted and maintained among non-combatants by the clergy, and among the combatants by the officers of the Chaplain Corps."

Far more than numbers, an army needs courage — strong, persevering courage — that knows neither fear nor defeat. Morale is one of the most decisive factors ever to enter into a military campaign. Here is where the Catholic chaplain bathes in a flood of glory the priesthood of Christ. Religion is the backbone of moral conduct. Religious fervor and fearlessness in danger have always been closely allied. Religion gives fortitude in circumstances of unmitigated horror, and resignation to face the chances of being mangled or killed at the call of duty. From that fortitude and resignation springs the coolness that characterizes the perfect soldier.

In the last war there could hardly be found a single group of men who exemplified more convincingly the ideal of the soldier than the Irish. They were given strongholds to capture, positions to hold where all others had failed, and with a fearlessness that sprang from defiance of death they captured and held. Can anyone doubt that the Irish were so brave because they were so religious? At the battle of Cuinchy a certain regiment had been driven back from a very advantageous post and was ordered to regain it. Squadrons advanced, but wavered before the blasting hail of lead that met them. Then the Irish were sent out. They had received the sacraments of confession and Communion a day or two before, and now for a fleeting moment the regiment knelt

in silent prayer. Then, making the sign of the cross, they sprang to the attack and in a little while were pushing the enemy before them.

It was a piece of heroic valor equalled only by their mighty feat at Rue de Bois. In that instance, three hundred feet of open ground, cut by unbroken streams of shell-fire, lay between them and the enemy trench they had been ordered to take. While waiting for the moment of attack, eight hundred husky voices sang the old familiar "Hail, Queen of Heaven," and eight hundred rosaries slipped noiselessly through strained fingers as the chaplain led them in prayer. A cheery word from the priest asking them to uphold the honor of their regiment, and as one man they leaped over the parapet. Like slashing rain from thunder clouds came the enemy fire. Scores upon scores fell, but like the famous charge of the Light Brigade they pressed on into the very mouths of the guns. Unlike the Light Brigade, they conquered, even though a mere two hundred remained. Not a single other division had been able to advance that day.

Courage like this is built on something firmer than glowing words. It rests on deeply rooted ideals of honor and faith — faith in realities more important than life itself. Father William Doyle, the saintly chaplain of another Irish division, the idol of his men, tells us how he steeled their courage and consoled their drooping spirits: "I spoke to them of heaven in the words of Curé D'Ars. 'When we get to heaven and see the happiness which is to be ours forever, we shall wonder why we wanted to remain one day on earth.' God hides these things from our eyes, because if we knew what God had prepared for those who love Him, life would be unlivable. So the man who falls in the charge is not the loser but immensely the gainer — the fortunate, the blessed." Is it any wonder that these men charged with a fearlessness that amazed the world? Their religion made it possible, and their priest. Countless times Father "Willy" Doyle saw strained faces light up with a smile as he passed by. Often they crowded around him in the midst of a terrible shelling, feeling that their "priest," as they called him, offered better protection than yards of reinforced concrete.

However, it was not by words only that the chaplains keyed up the spirits of the men in the last war; the example of their unparalleled courage did even more. A courageous leader instils courage. Father William Doyle was one of many who exercised such leadership. One day while his soldiers were forced to remain inactive in the midst of a

THE LIGUORIAN

terrific bombardment, the strain on human nerves had reached almost the breaking point. Little groups were leaving their places, and frantically searching for cover, while the officers in command seemed to have lost control of the situation. Down the trench came Father "Willy," without helmet or gas-mask, smiling broadly. Answering smiles broke through the strained faces, and the eyes of the men gleamed with admiration for the courage of their priest. On his way back he found them laughing and at ease.

The self-sacrificing heroism of our own Father Duffy was thought worthy to be depicted in a great motion picture, though the story it told could contain but a meagre part of the complete picture of the self-forgetfulness and great ideals of the chaplain of the "Fighting Sixty-ninth." The names of such heroes would make a long roll-call, but the tremendous good their ministrations effected could not possibly be measured. Father John de Valles, to take but one more example, was called by the soldiers the "Angel of the Trenches." Eight times he went over the top under fire so heavy that the rescue squads had been forbidden to go out, to give priestly aid to those who above all others needed his help—the dying. Men do not look on such deeds and remain unmoved. Few things put the steel of courageous resistance into the human spirit more effectively than heroic example, and the strength of an army depends on its courage.

THE priests who do not serve the country in the army as chaplains are called upon to do their share at home. They also serve! If courage and morale are needed by the army itself, they are needed in no less degree by the mothers, wives, fathers and children of those who are at the front. Witness the millions of dollars spent in war time on propaganda, whose chief purpose is to keep up the spirit and courage and co-operation of those who must bear the heavy burdens of war at home. But propaganda can go only so far, especially if it be confined to the only morally decent kind of propaganda, that based on truth. If the people have not the fortitude to face sacrifice for a great cause, then there will soon be obstructionism and rebellion. Granted that a war is just, the most powerful source of the fortitude needed by the people at home is their religion, and that will soon lose all its force if all the ministers of religion are called away to bear arms. It is the priest's task to keep alive the confidence of the people in prayer; their belief in the

THE LIGUORIAN

value of suffering for the atonement of man's sins; their faith in Christ and His Mother as the only true sources of comfort in the war-time sorrows of bereavement, loneliness, fear and despair. To quote Senator Walsh: "I cannot stress too strongly the importance of not interfering with religious and educational work, especially at this time when our country is at peace. It seems to me that the preservation of religion, the teaching of religion, the teaching of morality — and we all recall what George Washington said about the importance of religion and morality — is, by and large, even of greater importance to our national defense than providing our government with soldiers. It certainly is on a par with military service and should not be subordinate to it." If that be true in times of peace, it is infinitely more true in harrowing times of war.

Only a prejudiced mind, then, could refuse to admit that the clergy has its own work to perform in the service of the country both in the time of peace and the time of war. Many a priest, if permitted to follow his own inclinations, would gladly risk his life with the front rank soldiers, but he realizes that the safety of his country is not dependent on soldiers alone. What applies to priests is equally applicable to seminarians. They are to be the priests of tomorrow, training themselves today in that severe discipline that is necessary for the making of good priests. They may be called on in their turn to be chaplains for armed forces, and to strengthen and fortify the people who have to do their part in fighting a war at home. Therefore they too should be exempt from military training. Both they and the priests themselves are an indispensable part of the military prowess of a nation.

Blow to the Church

It is well known how many staunch Catholics there are who look on the law of abstaining from meat on Friday as not only a serious obligation imposed by the Church, but almost as something divine. Maurice Francis Egan tells of a certain Irishman who when the Pope granted a dispensation to all Catholics from the Friday abstinence because of a universal prevalence of influenza, confided to him this opinion. "I'm not saying anything against His Holiness, but this is the worst blow the Catholic Church has had since the death of Charles Stuart Parnell."

TRAGEDY

L. G. MILLER

The train jolted to a sudden stop, and of course the passengers crowded curiously to the windows; some even got out to see what had happened. Among these latter were two men, chance companions on this particular trip who had struck up the quasi-intimate sort of acquaintanceship which comes about so often on trains.

They found that the train had crashed into an automobile; thirty feet ahead and a little to the side of the track was the battered wreck of the car. A little further on they saw a group of men standing around a motionless figure on the ground.

Morbidly curious, they walked toward the little group. The man on the ground was evidently very near death; one side of his skull was crushed, and he was bleeding profusely. The engineer was bending over him, and they could hear the injured man murmur something over and over again.

The engineer straightened up.

"He's calling for a priest, poor fellow. Have we got one aboard?" A couple of the bystanders walked along the line of cars calling out: "Is there a priest on board?"

No one answered, and the crowd standing around the dying man was helplessly silent. The engineer knelt down beside the victim and began to pray with him.

Suddenly one of the two men stepped forward.

"I'm a doctor," he said. "Will you step back and let me see if I can do anything?"

"Sure thing. But I doubt whether . . ." his voice trailed off, and he retired to the circle of watchers.

The companion of the man who had thus offered himself approached the engineer. There was a puzzled expression on his face.

"He's no doctor," he whispered to the engineer. "He's just an ordinary salesman like me."

The engineer frowned, and looked more closely at the man kneeling there. His head was bent low over the injured man, who was murmuring something that took long in the telling. Even as they watched, they saw the "doctor's" lips move, and his hand made a strangely familiar gesture. Understanding came to the engineer in a flash.

"Thank God!" he whispered to himself. "Thank God!"

ON MODERN YOUTH

It is admitted that there is no more important subject in the world than this. It is not always admitted, nor even grasped, that there is only one remedy for the castigations that can be made.

E. F. MILLER

AMONGST the brethren of the human family of man there are some, solemn-faced, serious, and righteous as an ancient god, who persist in saying in private conversation and in their contributions to current literature that all young people of the present generation, including of course those of the household of the faith, are bad. With scowling relish and a sigh they hark back to the good old days of their forebears when young ladies trailed dresses in the dust, wore large hats and heavy veils, and did not venture beyond the parlor without an army of escorts and chaperons; and when young men suffered stiff collars and derby hats, dashed about madly on bicycles, and said good morning to young ladies only with the permission of parents on both sides. With acute pain they witness a contrast between the custodians of the past and those of the present — paint and powder, dresses lifted out of the dust by dress-makers, and automobiles almost as soon as the age of reason is reached.

I do not agree with these creaking pessimists — that all our young people are of a lost generation and that nothing can save them except a return to the past. Thereby I know that I am throwing myself to the lions. But the fact remains that behind the counter of many a dime store and in the office of many a bank and business place there are other St. Agneses and St. Agathas; and at the wheel of many a delivery truck and in the class room of many a school and college there are other St. Sebastians and St. Lawrences. I believe that today there are young people who would die for their faith as readily and as gladly as their brothers and sisters did in the first years of the Church's history.

HOWEVER, I am forced to admit, and sadly so, that such young heroes and heroines would be exceptions. Most of our present-day boys and girls are deeply confused in their minds as to what life is all about — its purpose, its significance, its ultimate destiny. They feel that in some way life has failed them and fooled them and left them

high and dry on the shores of broken promises. They expected work and they found no work; they looked for money and they found only poverty; they sought for sympathy and they found unconcern and brutal harshness. And so, almost before they are full-grown men and women, they are cynics, suspicious of the spiritual and frankly skeptical of the promises of the supernatural.

Or they look about them as they emerge from the security of school days, and in their enthusiasm and in their dreams which are the heritage of youth they behold a world that is fair to see, a world that gives grandiose pledges of happiness and success to its votaries, a world that is subtle in its evil influence, and utterly faithless in fidelity to the promises that it makes. And before experience can teach them otherwise, they are taken in. In some mysterious way the world and all the world stands for becomes the purpose of their lives. This is made manifest in many ways.

Movie stars, athletic heroes, band leaders — all kinds of strange and fantastic people symbolizing the world become their ideals. Of course they would not admit this statement. They are so wise they do not need an ideal. They can guide their own lives without the assistance even of the lights of Hollywood. But they are only deceiving themselves. By their actions they prove beyond a doubt the truth of what we have said. For example:

Many girls and even some of the best are firmly convinced that the only thing essential in life is to have a boy friend and eventually to get married. If a certain age is reached and marriage is still of the future, they become frantic and firmly believe that all eyes are turned on them and that they are eternally disgraced. That is why they will allow anything, whether it violates their conscience or not — only that their boy friend might be retained. And they salve their conscience with the argument that petting and passionate kissing cannot be so bad, for everybody does it who is anybody worth knowing. The movies portray it; magazine stories put it in the daily lives of their leading characters; and sociologists tolerate it and pass it off with a smile and a gesture as something necessary in the lives of young people. It seems that only the Church takes a stand against it. And what can the church know of love and the cravings that young people have in their hearts during the happy days of company-keeping?

Or they begin a courtship with a non-Catholic who has no under-

standing of the faith beyond the foolish legends that he has heard; who has no vision of the intangible, beautiful things of marriage and parenthood and love beyond that which circumscribes the material and the sexual; who holds in his heart that birth-control is a matter for the individual to decide, that divorce is the only solution for an unhappy union, and that marriage is merely a kind of experiment that all men must try out before they die. Girls will marry such men and reap unhappiness merely because they think in their hearts that marriage is their ultimate destiny, and if it comes to that, "any port in a storm" will do.

MEANWHILE they think that to attend the movies and the legitimate shows that come to town, to frequent night clubs, to have a wardrobe filled with pretty clothes, to be popular, and not to be too strict about religion and purity — well, these are about the only things that really count. A modern girl cannot very well be a "stick in the mud." She has to keep up with the times. And modern times suggest that so she arrange her life.

Of course, the confusion in the minds of young men is just as dense and deep as that in the minds of young ladies. They are likewise completely twisted as to their ultimate destiny and their purpose of existence. To have a good job during working hours is just about the zenith of their ambition. To have a pretty girl friend who is not too stiff in her ideas of morality is the purpose of their leisure hours. And to be a big-shot, one who knows all the answers to all the problems of life and death and is recognized as such at least by his peers if not by his superiors is his only aspiration. Boys like that can be seen in every city; they are the problem of every parent. They love to prove their wisdom by clinging to the front steps or the back walls of church while Mass is being said; they detest any show of emotion at the sight of sorrow or the picture of true love or the mention of religion. They persist in proving their utter manliness by the use of profanity, the constant smoking of cigarettes, and the telling of the obscene story. Mother and father are old-fashioned and do not know what life is all about. Little brothers and sisters are necessary evils that like mosquitoes most be tolerated but only because they cannot be gotten out of the way.

Who are there who will deny that these are focused pictures of the majority of our young people today? Many of them are Catholics, born

so and desirous of remaining so. But they do not know how the world and the Church fit together. Which one demands first allegiance? For the service of which were they created? They know that they cannot get along without the world. Neither can they get along without the Church. And so they flounder about, paying complete devotion to neither the Church nor the world, and making a failure of both. And when they come to die and look back over their lives, they note with sorrow that of those lives they made absolute and miserable failures.

We are convinced that the complete solution of the youth problem is not to be found in all kinds of organizations, societies and clubs that have for their purpose the mere absorption of the external activities of young people. If a girl thinks that dancing is the only end of life, she is not going to be aided in ordering her life more intelligently and more spiritually by the mere moving of dancing from a public hall to a church hall. While it is most wise to remove proximate occasions of sin, or to make proximate occasions remote by surrounding them with spiritual safeguards, still those who are concerned about the young must go farther. They must begin the reform of ideas, for only on ideas are ways of living modeled. And the one idea that must be put over is that of the leadership of Christ, His personality, His attractiveness, His Humanness.

To most young people Christ is a shadowy kind of unreal person, one who inhabits another world and has nothing in common with themselves and their problems. Or He is only the judge who is lurking about to capture them in their sins and bring them to an awful and everlasting justice. Thus they see in Him no ideal, and try to avoid His influence rather than submit themselves to it. But is that the right idea? And are there many who try to destroy the wrong idea in favor of the right?

CHRIST was a human being, young, vigorous, enthusiastic, commanding and dignified, with all the emotions of a human being, and with all the qualities and virtues that bring out the best in a human being. He possessed sympathy and kindness and understanding. He possessed courage and force of character. He was thoughtful of others, generous to sinners, tender with the sorrowing, strong with the strong, gallant, unselfish, democratic and simple in all He did. He attracted to Himself in undying friendship during His life on earth rough fishermen like Peter and Andrew; pagans like Paul and the Centurian; un-

fortunate young women like Mary Magdalen; and worldly young men like the young man of great possessions who was so entranced by His words that He could not leave His side until He had talked to Him. The learned and the ignorant, the rich and the poor, the old and the young—all saw in Him something that they could not see or find in anybody else upon the earth. And so they became His friends and followers, and died in scores for His name.

As it was during His life, so it was after His death. His name was proscribed and His cult forbidden. And yet so powerful was his personality that young people continued to seek Him out. They went down into the dampness and the darkness of the catacombs because they knew that there on a tomb turned into an altar they would find Him. They were promised untold riches by the civil authorities if only they would give up their love for the crucified Galilean. But they refused. They preferred to live in constant fear of their lives and if necessary die on a scaffold rather than go through life without the Christ whom they loved so well.

If this was the case in the past, why can it not be the case in the present? Instead of movie stars, football heroes and band leaders, why can we not give Christ to our young people as their ideal? Why can we not paint Him in such glowing colors that the only dream of every boy and girl will be to become more like Him every day? It is because the leaders of young people have given too little thought to this essential aspect of the youth problem.

This should be our work, then, for the new year. And our reward will be, not one Christ, but a thousand, a million Christs walking the earth in the persons of our young men and young women. The purpose of their lives will finally be found.

—Illuminating Explanation Department—

Social laughter prevents groups from becoming mechanically inclined. It helps the members to keep in touch. . . . Laughter socializes those who laugh together, but not as a rule the laugher and laughee. For example: 1) A laughs at C, which usually will irritate C; 2) A and B may laugh at C, with the result that A and B will feel more alike, while C may feel ostracized; 3) C gives A and B a chance to laugh at him . . . which causes A and B to feel kindlier toward him and to unify all three. *From a Handbook on Social Psychology.*

So now we know.

Three Minute Instruction

HOW TO AVOID "PETTING"

It has been reiterated in these instructions that "petting," which may be defined as prolonged kissing, embracing or fondling between an unmarried man and woman, is always sinful. It is wrong because it is either a voluntary indulgence in sensuality, or because it almost inevitably leads to that. Furthermore, it is agreed on all sides that "petting" and what it leads to, spells unhappiness for a subsequent marriage. In the face of these facts, what measures can a young woman take to escape a practice that is still accepted by a large part of the younger generation as a part of company-keeping?

1. She must invariably make use of the supernatural means of self-defense to be found in prayer and the sacraments. The incentives to petting do not all come from outside a girl; some of them come from her own inner (sometimes unrecognized) concupiscence, and only God's help and grace will make it possible to overcome that. She should pray morning and night for purity, should try to be a weekly communicant; should pray before going out to keep a date.

2. Natural means, suggested by prudence, are also necessary. First of all, she must have enough interest and initiative to be able to suggest plenty of things to be done on a date that will leave little time or occasion for the problem of petting to arise. If young people cannot find enough things of mutual interest to keep them busy and happy when they are together without the need of sitting around in dark and lonely places where sensuality can leap into a flame, they are either 1) profoundly ignorant, or 2) deliberately lustful, or 3) crassly careless of what happens to them.

3. An early statement of her principles, at the beginning of a friendship, will immeasurably help a girl. She need not wait until the suggestion is proffered or the first advances are made. She need not be timid or apologetic or fearful about it. She can, even while she states her view of "petting" prove herself as capable of joyous and fine friendship as anyone. This statement of principles will have one of two results: 1) if the man is evil-minded, he will drop her, and she can say with relief: "Good riddance." 2) if he is decent and clean, he will like her all the more and desire her friendship, and perhaps lifelong companionship, more intensely than before.

There are too many girls in the world today who have found out by bitter experience that tampering with God's laws does not pay. Not the least of the lessons included in their schooling has been this: that there are plenty of evil, selfish men in the world who have not entered marriage because they have found it so easy to get what they wanted outside of marriage.

WHAT MAKES CONVERTS

The third and last in this series, pointing out some of the fundamental Catholic principles that become avenues of approach to the Church for non-Catholics.

D. F. MILLER

IF THE Catholic Church draws non-Catholics into her fold 1) by offering them the only sane, logical, acceptable evaluation of the place of the human body in the scheme of life and 2) by showing them that she alone preserves a common-sense attitude towards the reasoning power in man, she is not without her appeal on the score of her defense of the freedom of the will. Christ said: "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free" (John, 8/32). The ordinary man, be he Protestant or pagan, be he meagrely schooled or vastly erudite, usually has definite ideas about his freedom. He accepts it as a truism that he can come and go as he pleases; that he can say what he likes, do what he likes, read what he likes. And political agitators find no appeal so powerful as an appeal to all men's love of freedom. Men will readily prepare to fight when someone shows himself ready to attack or reduce their freedom.

What many of these same men do not realize, however, is the fact that the only religious body in the world that both theoretically and practically upholds and defends their individual freedom, is the Catholic Church. True, many are never permitted to find that out. From childhood they have had teachers who told them harrowing stories about the mailed fist of force under which Catholics live. In adult life they are surrounded by men and women who ridicule Catholics as a pack of sheep led irresistibly to an inevitable slaughter of all their liberties. These calumnies are so completely accepted by some people, that they never think to investigate; those who do investigate usually end by entering the Catholic Church, where freedom is not merely a word, but where it is real, yes, where the only reality signified by the word is found.

As with everything else in respect to man, the truth about freedom of the will is to be found midway between extremes of defect and excess, between exaggerations that reduce it to nothingness or exalt it beyond sanity. Therefore the thesis can be stated and proved that, out-

side the Catholic Church, there is no view of the freedom of man's will that does not somehow touch on one of the extremes or adopt an exaggeration as the truth. A bold statement to make, perhaps, but one that research, and even cursory analysis will abundantly prove.

FREEDOM of the human will may be defined as immunity from forces either within a man or outside a man that compel all his actions, that never permit him to make a choice. Of course no one could possibly claim that in every department of his being man is completely free. He is not free to evade a law of nature, like gravity. He cannot control his growth (except in a limited way). He cannot control, except indirectly, the processes of nutrition and assimilation and cell-life within him. If he is free at all, it must be in regard to his choice of actions or things when his mind sees possible alternatives that are subject to his control. If he has any freedom, it consists in this that when there are alternatives of acting or not acting before him, he is not forced to either; or when there are alternatives of acting in one way or in another way, he is not forced to choose one way rather than the other. Americans rightly boast of their freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom of assembly, which belong to the essence of true democracy. They assume, by so boasting, that because a man is not forced by anything within himself to speak in a certain way (or not to speak at all), to worship God in one way rather than another, to unite with his fellows for legitimate purposes or not to unite at all, no one outside of him, not even his government, has a right to force him either.

Unless a man accepts the Catholic principles of free will, however, he will be hard put to find either solid arguments or worthy authority for such an assumption. It would be entirely too long a process to try even to summarize the various views on free will that have been presented outside the Catholic Church in the course of history, but this much can be said: they either destroy free will by denying it, or they make it absurd by exaggerating it. One is as bad as the other.

Of those who deny freedom altogether, or in essential part, there are many schools. All of them can be lumped together under the name usually given them, viz., determinists. They set out to prove that man is so *determined*, either by his atomic make-up, or his sense perceptions, or his nerve reactions, or his psychic constitution, or his heredity and environment, or his subjection to original sin, or his powerlessness in

the hands of a predetermining God, that he cannot act freely, he never makes a free choice, he is forced to do what he happens to do.

All the schools of thought that have stemmed from men like Descartes in France, and Kant in Germany, and William James in America, logically lead to some form of determinism. There are few philosophers outside the Catholic Church today who have not at least indirectly taken something from the "big three." They fill the chairs of our "great" universities; they teach hundreds of thousands of growing (and groping) young men and young women; they swamp the reading markets with their books and publications. Logically they cannot admit that human beings have real freedom, because they deny the fundamental basis of freedom, viz., that the mind of man can remain indifferent in the presence of different objects so that the will can freely choose. For them the mind is always determined by its own ideas, which do not represent things but which are creations of the mind. What therefore looks like a free choice is only the following of some determined idea that the mind itself has created. If this looks like an over-simplification of modern thought, we refer the reader to a study of the almost infinite varieties of behaviourism that have blossomed forth from our universities in the past twenty-five years. The simplification has been made by the philosophers themselves, for behaviourism can be most simply defined as the doctrine which says that man has no free will.

LIKEWISE on this side of the battle over freedom are the original Protestant theologians, Luther and Calvin. Luther taught that no man is free to sin or to avoid sin; he is so corrupted by original sin that he simply cannot overcome actual sin. For him there was no use in talking about trying not to sin; therefore he said to his followers: "Sin; sin bravely," because you cannot do otherwise; only, he adds, "believe (in Christ) more bravely and you will be saved." Calvin taught, in effect, that God decides who shall sin and who shall not sin, and who shall be saved and who shall not be saved. In other words, God decides when you are born whether you are to be a sinner or a saint; there is nothing you can do about it but accept your fate, be it good or bad.

Modern Protestants have, of course, come a long way from these terrifying doctrines of their founders. Today Protestants stress the necessity of living a good life, i.e., of freely choosing not to sin. However, with Luther and Calvin, they still champion a kind of freedom

that contradicts itself, viz., freedom of judgment and opinion and conviction and principle in regard to religion. Right here, Protestants, whose religion originated on the principle that there is no freedom for man, have reached the opposite extreme of championing so much freedom that it becomes absurd. If I freely believe that Christ is God, and then hear someone say to me: "But you are also free to take what you want out of Christ's words, to reject some, to accept others, to interpret them differently from day to day and from year to year," I am perfectly free to believe that I am being made a fool of. Yet that is the exact logical position of Protestant theology. It teaches that every man is free to accept Christ as God and as a Saviour; but every man is also free to reject what Christ said about divorce, about confession, about His Church, about Mass and about the Sacraments. If that be true freedom, we believe that most men would prefer to accept some form of determinism and to say they are not free at all.

Exaggerated notions of freedom almost inevitably lead to *libertinism*, which sets no limits to the freedom of a man. The world, to its sorrow, has always had its share of libertines. For them, there are no rules for liberty, either in thought or in action. There are no rights of others to be considered, if a man has the power to effect his will. There are no laws, natural, universal and everlasting, limiting freedom to those spheres in which it will not create havoc within and outside a man. Often it is hard to decide whether such men should be classed with the deniers of freedom or the exaggerators of freedom. Karl Marx denied that man is free, maintaining that the human race is blindly forced into a ceaseless struggle of class against class; his teaching has resulted in a man like Stalin, who may or may not take comfort in the fact that he is forced by a necessity he cannot control to deprive 160,000,000 people of every important freedom individuals have ever known. Hitler believes in the exaggerated freedom and rights of one race over another and in the exaggerated freedom one man may exercise over other men if he has the power; the result is the same: the destruction of the liberties of millions.

Wherever you look, outside the Catholic Church, you will find some distortion of the idea of man's freedom like one of those mentioned here. It has been said that truth reveals itself from any avenue of approach, whereas error in one point usually carries its influence into all fields related to it. This is particularly true about free will. Those who

have rejected the truth concerning the intellect of man, or concerning his destiny, or concerning his limitations, are bound to find themselves in error concerning the will because all these things are so intimately bound together.

THE truth about free will as proposed and defended by the philosophy of the Catholic Church may be stated in a few simple principles, which will readily be seen to agree with the assumptions of the man on the street and the necessary foundations of the important liberties that are the essence and boast of democracy.

The first principle is one that is evident to everybody's experience: that the will of man never chooses anything that does not in some way appear to his mind as good, or desirable, or worth having. For that reason, it is clear that man is not free in the general sense that he can choose something that in no way, under no aspect, appears good to him. He is forced to choose things for the good that is in them, and if he could perceive the total and complete good, containing every item of desirability and no element of undesirability, he would be forced to unite himself to that as irresistibly as steel leaps toward the magnet that draws it.

However, and here is the second principle, a man living on earth never perceives that which shows itself as possessing every good thing he has ever desired or could desire. As a matter of fact, the only being that could appear thus is God, and God does not reveal Himself completely to man on earth. If He did, man would not be free, because his will would then immediately unite itself to God irrevocably and there would be no chance of his desiring or seeking anything else — there would be nothing else to desire. Why does God partially conceal Himself from man? Because He wants each man to choose Him and His service without being forced to it. He gives a man only a partial vision of Himself, a vision that at the same time shows a man the temporary suffering and hardship contained in the service of Him, so that a man will have to turn down other good things (e.g., the avoidance of that same suffering and hardship) to serve God.

Moreover, while God shows Himself as a partial good only, every good thing on earth is actually but a partial good, containing some admixture of what appears as evil, as undesirable, as insufficient for all man's needs. Now the very essence of the freedom of the will is this,

that when the mind of man beholds a number of partial goods, the will can make the decision as to which one shall be chosen. Thus the will of man is free to turn down God, even though the mind has revealed His promises of everlasting happiness, in favor of the passing joys of sensuality, of avarice, of pride and independence in any form. The will of man is free to choose between one job and another, between one friend and another, between one sin and other, because none of the alternatives involved shows itself to have everything a man desires. Of course the mind always weighs alternatives. It does try to inspire the will to take that which brings the most satisfaction of its longings for good; but because it can never perceive that totality of goodness a man wants, it can never force the will ultimately to act in one way or another.

THE important point in the whole discussion is this, that God's concealment of Himself is the key to man's freedom, and that this is designed to permit man freely to choose God. In another phrasing, man has freedom to sin, only because without that he would not have freedom to serve God and earn his own everlasting happiness. His freedom to serve God is a property of his very nature as constituted here and now, and that freedom contains and supports every other freedom of which a man would ever care to boast. It contains and supports freedom of speech, which means that no one can force him to lie, to calumniate and slander, to blaspheme God, to be silent when his children need to be educated as to how to use their freedom. It contains, obviously, freedom of religion, because if it is his main purpose in life to choose God and to serve God, no one can force him not to serve God nor to worship in a way contrary to his understanding. The only limitations on such liberties are those that are necessary to protect the liberties of others.

That is the kind of freedom for which the Catholic Church stands. Again we repeat, freedom outside her pale is either destroyed in principle, or not made worth the keeping. Take God out of it, as some do, and its essential purpose is destroyed and what is left hangs in midair to be severed by any man's sword. Take the limitations of virtue and law and respect for others out of it, and it turns inward upon itself and outward on others and commits both suicide and murder. If you believe in freedom, if you believe in democracy, you will find an

THE LIGURIAN

intellectual support for your belief only where millions of others have found it, — in the philosophy of life offered you by the Catholic Church.

Jubilee Gift

A pastor of a prominent church in the Middle West was celebrating the 25th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. He had been a good pastor to his people, and they wanted to show their appreciation for his years of service. Gathered together in council, they decided that they would make up a good-sized purse for him, and send him off on a real vacation. It was to be all very secret. But word leaked out. The pastor heard about it. The following Sunday he made this announcement.

"My dear friends: you will never know how your love for me, proved by what I hear you are going to do for me, has warmed my heart. I appreciate it fully; I shall never forget it. But, without meaning any offense, might I say this? It is not money that I want for my anniversary. You have always been more than generous to me in that regard. Do you know what I do want? . . . *Bring me twenty-five prospective converts on the day I sing my jubilee Mass, and I shall ask no more.*"

Gathered together in council again, the people revised their plans. They went forth with new resolution. They began to work.

On the day of the jubilee, after the Mass, a delegation waited on the pastor. "Father," the spokesman said, "we have come to present our present." The door to the adjoining parlor was opened, and there sat and stood . . . twenty-five men and women. With an expansive wave of the hand the spokesman continued, "Your converts."

The twenty-five men and women are members of the Faith today.

Rights

If we wish to have the light we must keep the sun; if we wish to keep our forests, we must keep the trees; if we wish to keep our perfumes, we must keep our flowers; and if we wish to keep our rights we must keep our God. . . . Man's right to own private property, man's right to educate his own family, man's right to adore God according to the dictates of his own conscience, come not from the Constitution, the government, parliament, nor the will of the majority, but from God.—*Msgr. Fulton Sheen.*

MOMENTS AT MASS

The Canon: Prayer for the Church

F. A. BRUNNER

The first prayer in the canon, after the introductory *Preface* and the seraphic hymn of praise, "Holy, holy, holy," is a fluent, rhythmic prayer for the whole Church. It is, like the Church itself, universal in its scope; from it no one is excluded. And nothing could be more impressive than the ceremonies which precede and accompany it. The priest's gestures are themselves a prayer. Standing erect before the altar-table, the priest raises his hands and his eyes upward—to God, says the rubric—and immediately lowers them in deepest humility; then he folds his hands and places them upon the edge of the table, and with a profound bow begins silently to say:

"We therefore humbly pray and beseech thee, Father most mild, through our Lord Jesus Christ, thy Son, that thou accept and bless these gifts, these favors, these holy, unspotted sacrifices, which we offer thee first of all for thy holy, Catholic Church (deign to grant her peace, to protect, unify, and govern her throughout the entire world); together with thy servant, our Pope *N.*, and our Bishop *N.*, and all those who are sound in doctrine and who cherish the Catholic and apostolic faith."

Historical Notes:

A formula such as this, begging God's benign blessing on the universal Church, is found in all the Eucharistic rites; and it is safe to conclude that the custom of so praying during the canon of the Mass dates back to the days of the primitive Church, for similar prayers are found in our earliest records of the ceremonial of the Mass.

After the mention of the Church in general comes a mention of the Pope. A peculiar meaning is attached to this formula; it implies communion with the Apostolic See. That is why the Council of Vaison ordered the insertion of the name in this very place, and some few years later Pope Pelagius I wrote to the Bishops of Tuscany that to neglect this practice was to separate themselves from the universal Church.

Next the name of the local bishop is mentioned. This, of course, was an addition that crept in outside of Rome, though even at Rome the Pope was accustomed, as Pope St. Leo I casually observes, to call to mind the names of those more eminent bishops with whom he was in communion.

The last remembrance in this prayer is the least ancient. It is absent from the Mass-book drawn up by Pope St. Gregory in the late sixth century.

VOICE OF THE POPE

Now and then the Pope speaks over the radio; but far more often, indeed, continuously, he is speaking, according to Pius XI, through the Catholic Press. This study of the origins of the Catholic Press should awaken new respect for it. A study of the history of the Catholic Press in the United States will follow in February.

R. STUMP

THE Catholic Church has had to battle enemies — a fifth column — for centuries on end. Age on age have the emissaries of Satan sought to scuttle the Ship of Peter by stirring up heresy, fomenting schism, luring the faithful into sin, and lulling them into the sleep of lukewarmness. The Church in her incessant struggles against these emissaries has used a particularly telling weapon: the printed word, the Catholic Press. The Catholic Press is a kind of organized Catholic legion that deals havoc to the aspirations of Satan and his agents if it is given a chance to operate freely, with the support of the faithful. In the present age the attacks of Satan have become more fierce and insidious, in that he himself has taken to the printed word to achieve his wicked ends by way of duping and sometimes positively enslaving the secular press to his desires. For that reason the Catholic Press is more needed today than in any other period of the history of the Church. Print must be fought with print.

The Catholic Press, or Catholic legion, originated, remotely, centuries ago (the Catholic Church existed then only as fore-shadowed in the society of the Chosen People) when Moses took up his pen to write the first books of the Bible, narrating the first history of the people of God, whose leader he was. The Catholic Press carried on as other authors, inspired of God as Moses was, wrote other books and added them to the collection of the Bible.

With the coming of Christ the Catholic Press blossomed forth like the trees of an orchard with the first warm breath of spring. The Gospels and Epistles appeared, followed in the ensuing years by the masterpieces of literature known as the Writings of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church. In these writings are included such works as those of St. Irenaeus, of Origen, of Sts. Ephrem, Chrysostom, Jerome, Ambrose, Augustine, with a throng of others; the works of the medieval

philosophers and poets — for instance, the splendid works of Sts. Bonaventure and Thomas Aquinas — all forming a dazzling White Way in our Catholic literature. On through eras and epochs of history moved the surge of the Catholic Press until out of it was born the printing press itself, for a Franciscan Tertiary, Johannes Gutenberg, invented the process of printing from moveable type. He was assisted and encouraged by Catholic friends, clerical and lay, and one of the first printed books placed on the market was the Catholic best seller, the Bible.

To say that moveable printing originated under Catholic influences will surprise not a few of the present day, who are wont to say, "Can anything good come out of the Middle Ages?" — a period of history reputedly very backward, when private initiative was stifled by priests who crammed the intellects of people with superstitious beliefs.

THE Catholic Press understood as Catholic Journalism had its beginning in the 16th century. Quite congruously this form of the Catholic Press, which with the rolling of the years was to become increasingly powerful as a medium for the spreading of the Gospel, had its origin in the capital of Christianity, Rome, Italy. Beginning in the year 1554 certain handwritten notices or news dispatches, called "Avvisi," were issued at Rome. These were the forerunners of Catholic Journalism. The *Osservatore Romano*, published in Vatican City as the semi-official voice of the Holy Father, proudly points to the "Avvisi" as its remote forebear.

In the following century Catholic Journalism shaped itself more definitely. The "Avvisi" spread from Italy into other European countries, particularly into Belgium. In this Catholic country appeared the first known printed newspaper, the *Nieuwe Tydinghen*, founded by Abraham Verhoeven in 1605. In the same country arose the *Gazette van Gent* in 1667, which (unless late European events have ended its publication) is the oldest paper existing today. Catholic periodicals increased rapidly, greatly through the influence of the Jesuits and others who saw that the evil ideas of Liberalism, just arising, could most effectively be fought off by a strong Catholic Press.

In the nineteenth century the Catholic journalistic press spread its flowery petals wide. In every country of both hemispheres where Catholicity was solidly based newspapers and magazines arose. Japan,

crimson with the blood of martyrs, saw its first Catholic journal. The South American countries, writhing internally with anticlericalism, took to the press to be rid of their pains. In the United States, Bishop England in 1822 unfurled the banner of the Catholic pen. Europe, not content with a periodical press, reared up powerful Catholic dailies, such as *De Maasbode* in Amsterdam, *La Croix* in Paris, and *L'Osservatore Romano* in Rome. This Catholic Press had sufficient strength in the twentieth century to force its impress on secular journals and dailies, in that Catholic events came to be treated with more respect and sought with greater interest after the secular publications several times saw news neglected by them made of nationwide and even of world-wide interest by the Catholic Press.

A REVIEW of the origin of the Catholic Press and of its growth through the centuries is sufficient to change the prevalent impression that the Catholic Press is a weak thing, worthy of little serious consideration. The Catholic Press is older than the secular press. The Catholic Press is more reliable than the secular press, because it is built on the command of Christ to "go and teach all nations," while the secular press is founded on the whims of an ambitious newspaper magnate or on the desire of an editor to eke out a living. The Catholic Press gives news as the working out of God's Will among men; the secular press gives it as the wonderful results of blind forces that are continually evolving. The Catholic Press comments on news in the light of God's Truth which is as old as eternity; the secular press comments according to the dictates of the magnate or according to the changing prejudices of the struggling editor. The Catholic Press is built on the rock; the secular press on shifting sand.

That the Catholic Press has less influence on public opinion than might be proportionate to Catholic numerical strength or less influence than might be desired by all good Catholics is attributable not to a lack of voice on its part but to the lack of attention on the part of the majority of Catholics. In some countries (for instance, Holland and Canada) the Catholic population stands solidly behind its Catholic Press. In other countries the interest of Catholics is lukewarm. In the United States, for example, of the five million Catholic families constituting the Catholic population less than one half subscribe to a Catholic publication.

The Catholic Press must have the support of the people for whom

it is fighting. The late Pope Pius XI spoke the following words of the Catholic Press that endlessly ring in the ears of Catholics engaged in the apostolate of the press: "You are my voice. I do not say that you make my voice heard, but that you are really my voice itself." The Catholic Press is the voice of the Pope. It stands in need of the support of the faithful. The faithful can give their support by displaying an interest in Catholic reading and in the dissemination of Catholic reading material to friends and neighbors. In this everyone can well profit from the example of the Catholics of Holland. They formed groups who brought Catholic magazines and papers to the houses of Catholics and saw to it that Catholic publications stood with the rest of literature in library racks, in newsstands, in hotels, and so forth. Through the efforts of such groups the Catholic Press of Holland was built up and eventually outclassed the press of the secular field both as to quality of the publications and as to the number of readers. When such groups are formed in other countries, the Catholic Press will wield the influence it should in the formation of public opinion—and even a predominant influence.

WHILE it is true that Catholic publications have not reached the acme of quality and appeal that would rank them on a par with many of the best secular journals, they realize that it is their duty to reach this as closely as possible in order to gain the patronage of Catholics, and they have taken definite and recognizable steps toward this end. Catholics, on the other hand, can find Catholic papers, magazines, and reviews that are appealing and interesting, subscriptions to which they will learn is money safely invested. When Catholics become Catholic press-minded, when they read and think with the Catholic Press, and when they speak to others of what the Catholic Press says, then will the Catholic Press begin to operate to its fullest strength. May St. Francis de Sales, the universal patron of the Catholic Press, bring this about.

Four G's

Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose "Over the Teacups" and other works demonstrate the high entertainment value that real conversation can have, once described the fleeting gatherings of social climbers in afternoons-at-home in four words:
"Giggle, gobble, gabble and git!"

REALISM VERSUS REALITY

A penetrating discussion of a very pertinent subject.

F. A. BRUNNER

ODDLY enough, the question "What is a good book?" involves so many points and viewpoints that a short essay scarcely suffices to scoop up even a surface answer. The complexity grows with every term used and every statement set down. To affirm that there are standards, clear-cut principles which, when properly gauged and applied, will at once classify a book as good or bad, is to risk being set down as a simplicist—or worse, a simpleton. So many matters must be weighed—a writer's subject, purpose, treatment, all come in for consideration. Proof of the "goodness" of a book, particularly of a novel, seems impatient of easy settlement.

Of all the difficulties involved in the criticism of the novel the greatest discussion centers on what is glibly called "realism."

Realism. The term is vague, and almost fugitive of definition. Much confusion would be avoided—(it's a teacher speaking!)—if the word "realistic" were reserved for describing a given method of treatment. Its antithesis is "idealistic"—on the one hand, therefore, a faithful depiction of existence, on the other, a heightened portraiture which emphasizes one trait, one characteristic, often to the exclusion of others. Take realism to mean a resolute regard for facts, a purposeful concern with the world as it is. But persistently the word "realism" crops up to explain—and excuse—every grossness, every disregard of conventional morality, every lampooning of accepted tastes and values, a usage quite obviously unfair to those whose methods are realistic but whose moral attitudes are well above reproach. Realism can be sordid, can be odorous. But because it is liable to decay and rot is no convincing argument against its proper use. Realism has its virtues as well.

Let us, first, diagnose the realist's position. The realistic manner of treating a subject implies an almost pedantic attention to detail, a scrupulous care of action and reaction, of cause and effect, of the limited interplay of natural and human agencies. Realism is analytic—a filing away of minute facts and observations. The characteristic composition of realism is eccentric—from little matters out to broader

concerns, though usually the broader concerns are merely hinted at. Contrast with this the Athenian attitude of high idealism — the quickness to conceive the universal, the type-idea. A realist finds difficulty in understanding this swift Hellenic transformation of experience into idea, and of individual objects into types. Realism involves the concrete, while the idealist cares more for the abstract. To exemplify this there is, perhaps, amongst all classical writers no happier comparison than the marked and often aggressive contrast between Dickens and Thackeray — Dickens, the sentimental idealist whose characters are forever posing in some outlandish fashion; and Thackeray, the out-and-out realist, whose figures step out of the club nextdoor. Dickens created types embodying the traits of a class; Thackeray, living individuals. So for the idealist the specific generates the generic. The realist, on the contrary, lingers more lovingly on the particular; ideas to him are cold.

Now reality is not like that. Reality is not all crime and sin; reality is not sinister in its entirety, not drenched and obsessed with sex. Reality is a mixture — a confusion, if you will, — of good things and bad, of righteousness and rascality, of saints and sinners. Why not realistic novels?

Where the mediocre realist makes his (other) mistake, is in forgetting that writing is an art, and that art is a creation, the making of another world. The artist must transfer his product entirely to the world of art. Art as such consists not so much in *imitating* or *copying*, as in *making*. Where there is no definitely *creative* work, there is no art. It is true, the human artist, the novelist or poet, whose mind is not, like the divine, the cause of things, cannot draw his conceptions complete out of his own creative spirit; he goes and gathers it first and foremost in the rich storehouse of God's created things, the sensible universe and the world of the soul. But then he *reconstructs*. Artistic creation does not copy God's; it continues it. And even as the trace and image of God appears in his creatures, so on the work of art is impressed the human character, the mind and heart, the whole being of the artist.

HEREIN lies the artist's deep responsibility. Herein lies the need for a true standard of morality in novel-writing, in poetics, in every stem of artistry. If the artist has not taken sides in the great debate between Michael and the devil, his work will always in some way

THE LIGURIAN

remain defective and mean. When prejudice and not principle is the mental balance, when some such maxims as

"I do not love thee, Doctor Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell"

takes the place of a philosophy of literary criticism, the work of the writer, whether realist or idealist, will be stunted, misshapen, ugly. Bad art disgusts, and so does badness in art, when badness is approved or when it is projected into art for purposes not artistic. In the world from which writers steal their subjects, there is a recurrent flow and eddy of well and ill which writers must interpret according to their several convictions. Judgment cannot be avoided. After all, the subjects a novelist treats are merely the matter of a work of art, and whether he chooses subjects of great intrinsic beauty or subjects in themselves immoral and ugly is of minor concern. The essential problem is, not whether a novelist can depict such-and-such an aspect of evil, but whether the artist is pure enough and strong enough to depict it without connivance. Values must be properly balanced. There comes to mind a fine example of such honest and artistic realism—aside from the well-known classics—namely, Richard Handel Richardson's *Ultima Thule*. Here we have very opportunity for the minutest depiction of sundry sins. And every opportunity for a silly cynicism like Anatole France's—pride toppling into a whirlpool, wealth untowered, a struggle that must end in defeat. But the author's vision is never dimmed by the murkiness of the views. Unlike those depressing *Main Street* photographers who fancy themselves realists, Richardson has enough reality to send the fates a-spinning their last skein. Tragedy without purgation is unthinkable by a true artist. Richard Mahoney is pitied, therefore; but Richard Mahoney is never excused.

The more deeply a novel probes into human misery, the more bottomless its delving into the grim conduct of human life, the more does it demand of and in the writer superhuman virtues. Only a Christian mystic, I believe, can rightly scrutinize evil without fear that his presentment will be unfaithful to truth. You can understand, therefore, how honest, how authentic the novelist's realism ought to be. Picture life, if you wish, for life is very interesting. But endeavor to give us of that multiple and varied thing a steady and a whole vision, or at the very least, an interested and reasonably comprehensive impression. The real realist may not, perhaps, show us vile villains or impeccably virtu-

ous heroes — that fanciful presentment is left to idealist romancers. But he will show us people who are struggling with the frailties and the difficultly controlled passions of their human nature; he will show how sin entangles itself around the soul and how often it happens that one false step unretraced leads to a morass where escape is dependent almost solely on God's grace. The real realist's characters, even the most imperfect, will reveal how capable they are of good and even of sainthood, will reveal how the fallen children of Eve are yet the high children of God and heirs to his kingdom. That's reality. You and I have met just such people. In fact, haven't you and I met men and women so good that their presence was radiant of bliss and their memory a blessing? The realistic novelist, if he is true to fact, ought to include them amongst his dramatis personae.

The novelist's task in "creating" or "reconstructing" is not an easy one. When the novelist writes, he does more than select the elements of his tale from human life; he actually remakes human life — molds the cold and lifeless facts into a breathing new thing. To do this reasonably and meaningfully, to do this in accordance with the "true-to-nature" standard of the realist, requires a choosing and selection of matter wherefor life could have true significance and value. The great novels of English realism, from Jane Austen to Thomas Hardy (and after, perhaps!), live and will live not because the writer gave us graphic and telling history and geography, but because the writer was able to pin "reality" on those persons and scenes and actions which were selected from historical and geographical records. Thence come balance, unity, order. Thence comes art.

To make these demands on the realist is not, I venture, high-brow priggishness. It is Christian morality. Truth must be defended, and the rights of God. Once you find a contempt for truth (and consequently, I am sure, for true art), you may be sure the devil has scored a point.

And herein lies the chief danger of realism. If he lingers too long and sees no more in a landscape or a human personality than what greets and charms the senses, then he is no more a realist but a naturalist — one who, like Zola and Huysmans and Maupassant, disregards all purpose, all mind and will processes, and simply copies nature in its contingent materiality. The faithful realist is one who grips the concrete, but at the same time by intuition grasps the universal significance that it implies — but the universal less as a defined type than as some-

thing unknown, uncharted, remote.

This double attention, to detail and to its wider implications, demands a writer of great acumen. To that task the average writer is far from adequate. Whereas the realist pretends to a fidelity to nature, to things as they are, because of his restricted and consequently distorted observation, the picture he presents is blurred and untrue. It is the commonest complaint urged against the realist, that he is not realistic enough. Other complaints there are, of course, in abundance: one to the effect that he is not realistic at all, another that realism itself is a wholly unworthy aim. You may set aside the last two charges, but the first surely deserves judicial consideration.

CONSIDER the realist's Augean task. The world is a vast complexity. Life is a melange, an infinite variety. To follow strictly a standard like the realist's which purports to give a true-to-life story, you must draw from the melee of life's facts an unassorted array of persons, places, and things—a kind of—frozen-to-death scene. The result for the reader will be only a tangle of emotional reactions that leave no clear impression. And that is esthetically bad, for lack of unity and order.

But after all, realism such as this is hardly ever presented. Our realistic fare is seldom reality, seldom truth. No writer would venture to give us a stark picture in full detail of anywhere in life. No novelist, no stage-producer, no movie scenario scribe would venture to present grim and sordid realities of every description. Instead we have a disproportionate and hence unreal realism. A realism that stages at best a half-truth. A realism often of exaggerated accidentals. In an of necessity short study there will be perversions of the truth, even caricatures as spurious as the wildest imaginings of the idealist. The lights will be heightened. And the shadows overcharged.

Yes, the shadows. All too often a realist study is shadows through and through. There are novels that read more like clinical reports from a psychiatrist's desk. There are novels that furnish characters far worse than any prison houses. Novels that are a chaos of horror, a welter of undecipherable gloom, where there is no shrinking from the fullest representation of either vice or passion. A grand masquerade, it would appear, in which Mephisto and Beelzebub take the leading roles. The sex complex, for instance, obsesses writers even like Arnold Bennett

to the point where all the flair of *The Old Wives' Tales* is submerged in the harshness of *Imperial Palace*. Faulkner and Hemingway give us exclusive showings of men at their moments of moronic meanness. Erskine Caldwell roots around the southland, hopelessly grubbing for subjects to write about, till he finds sharecroppers with barnyard manners and morals. A very peculiar type of pearl-fishing, this.

How To Keep a Husband

St. Augustine reports in his "Confessions" how his mother St. Monica, lived in tranquillity with Patricius her husband even though he was a man very perverse and difficult to get along with. He says:

She suffered her husband's infidelities in silence, never quarreling with him about them. For she believed that God, in His own good time, would have mercy upon him and make him chaste. For that she prayed constantly.

She did not resist her husband in word or deed when he was angry. Only when he was calm again and in the proper mood to receive it did she give an account of her actions whereby he had overhastily taken offense.

In a word, while other wives, even those possessing milder husbands than her own, bore marks upon their faces where they had been struck, and blamed their husbands' lives and tempers for their disgrace, she would blame their tongues and in jest say to them: "You should regard your marriage vows as a contract whereby you were made servants; and so remembering your position at all times, you should at no time rise up against your lords."

Never was it heard that she had been struck by her husband or even that there had been any domestic difference between them even for one day, and that in spite of the fact that Patricius was a man of violent temper and awful fits of anger.

To those who inquired about the method that she used to maintain peace in the face of such large obstacles, she taught them her practice as above mentioned. Those wives who followed her example, found their lives much changed. Those who did not follow her example or listen to her words, found no relief and continued to bear marks upon their faces.

Fear Complex

Some psychiatrists today urge parents not to teach their children the familiar prayer "Now I lay me down to sleep," because it will suggest to the infant mind the thought of death and thus inspire fear at bedtime. . . . Why let them lie down at all?

Catholic Anecdotes

GRACE OF REPENTANCE

EVERYONE has heard or read of the extraordinary power of the Curé of Ars to read hearts. The following is a charming instance of how he used that power.

One day as he came into Church, finding it as usual crowded with penitents from far and near, he paused by a lady kneeling by herself, dressed in mourning and full of sadness.

"He is saved," said the Curé to the lady, in a low voice.

The woman was troubled.

"He is saved, you say?" A gesture of unbelief was her only comment.

Then carefully pronouncing each word, the Curé repeated:

"I tell you he is saved. He is in Purgatory; we must pray for him. Between the bridge of the parapet and the water he had time to make an act of contrition. The Blessed Virgin obtained this grace for your husband because, even though he was irreligious, he sometimes joined in your prayer at the May altar erected in your room. That merited for him contrition and final pardon."

UNDESIREABLE MODEL

AN EMINENT Catholic lawyer some years ago approached the Judge of his circuit court on the Thursday of Holy Week and asked:

"Are you going to hold sessions tomorrow, Judge?"

"Certainly," replied the Judge, "Why should we call off proceedings just because the day has a religious signification?"

"Well," replied the lawyer, "I thought you might be interested in knowing that you will be the first Judge to conduct a trial on Good Friday since Pontius Pilate."

The custom of declaring a recess on Good Friday has prevailed in the United States ever since the courageous words of that Catholic lawyer.

ESQUIMO PUN

BISHOP TURQUETIL, who has devoted his life to missionary work among the Esquimos, tells an amusing story about himself. He was still young in the work, and had not as yet become fluent in the Esquimo language, which is one of the most difficult to learn.

It was a feast day, and he was delivering a sermon to the Esquimos based on the text: "Be ye therefore perfect as your Heavenly Father is perfect." Every time he used the text, he noticed that his audience was hard put to conceal its laughter. Trying not to appear embarrassed, he struggled to the end of his sermon.

Afterwards he asked one of the Esquimos what had made the Congregation laugh.

"In the Esquimo language," the man replied, "the word 'father' is pronounced very similarly to the word 'round.' Your pronunciation was faulty, and every time you said 'Be ye perfect,' what the Esquimos understood you to say was 'Be ye round and fat.'"

THREE PROOFS

THE Marquis of Ripon, a Grand Master of the English Freemasons, was given the task of writing a book against Catholicism which would counteract the influence of the Oxford Movement, which was then at its height.

The Marquis, in order to acquaint himself with the enemy, undertook an extensive course of reading on the church in order to find out its weaknesses. The result was that after ten months, instead of writing his book, he went to the Oratorian fathers in London and asked to be received into the Church.

His fellow Masons, of course, demanded an explanation, and the Marquis gave it in these words:

"I came upon three things in the Catholic Church whereby every unbiased person must perceive that this Church, and only this one, is the Church of Jesus Christ. In the Catholic Church is the rock, the confessional, and the tabernacle."

Pointed Paragraphs

The "Minor" Resolutions

A good many people will make a good many resolutions (we hope) for the opening of the new year. These resolutions will, no doubt, strike at the root of many of their major vices and sins, and make for holier lives.

But we hereby make a plea for resolutions all around concerning little things as well as big. Let the drunkard, by all means, give up his drinking; let the Catholic who has been neglecting the Sacraments begin to go every month or every week. But let everybody look for a little thing about which a worthwhile resolution can be made. Time will prove how much it pays.

We submit a list of possibilities as the merest of suggestions:

1. For husbands:

Resolve to start, or resume, practicing the good old courtesy and chivalry towards your wife, such as you practiced before you were married, by holding her coat for her when she is getting into it, by pulling back her chair for her when she is about to sit at table, by calling her up once in a while *when you don't have to*, and by selecting three assorted occasions during the new year for bringing home a present and taking her out to a show.

2. For wives:

Resolve to keep neat and tidy and "dressed up," not because company might drop in, but just for the family; to encourage your husband in his efforts as a provider at least once a month, and never to tell him or make him feel that you think he is a "poor stick" or a sluggard; to say absolutely nothing to your relatives or friends that is derogatory of your husband.

3. For young men and young women:

Resolve never — yes, never — to use the following expressions or their equivalent: "Oh yeah?" "Nerts to you!" "Whaddaya think I am?" "Go climb a tree." To add to your night prayers this plea:

"Lord, keep me pure, humble and charitable." To give your parents a break at least once a month by offering either to go some place with them, or to stay home with the youngsters so that they can go out.

4. *For boys and girls:*

Resolve to say "Thank you" for everything you are given, even if it be something you don't want very badly; never to get angry at or strike a younger brother or sister; to come the first time you are called, and to go the first time you are asked to go someplace, by your mother or father.

We can see a lot of new happiness springing up in the world as a result of such simple resolutions. And even many tragedies averted. Try them.

Long Journeys

We are accustomed to think that the three Wise Men made a pretty long journey to reach Bethlehem and kneel in adoration before the King of Kings. But there are longer and more difficult journeys to the same place — journeys that few have succeeded in making.

It would have been a much more strenuous journey to the stable for the innkeepers of Bethlehem, even though in distance it was but a few paltry miles. They would have had to abandon their watch beside the clinking money drawers of their inns. They would have had to take a chance on losing a lucrative bit of trade, or having somebody rob them of a few pennies in their absence.

If they overcame these obstacles to the journey, they would have found a still more formidable one as they approached the manger. They would have found the consciousness growing upon them that they would have to give something to this Infant King Who gave up heaven for them. That would have stopped them. Outside the stable they would have paced up and down, perspiring profusely even in the cold, at the thought of parting with a gold piece and getting nothing tangible in return. In the end they would have turned on their heels and run back to the inns to see if their money was still safe and to make more.

So today, there are many who cannot make the journey of the Kings, not because of distance, but because they cannot see the sense of giving up any part of their possessions — even to God.

The journey, too, was an impossible one for Herod. It would

have meant coming down from a throne and kneeling like ordinary folk before the little Babe, taking off some of his jewels and perhaps his crown and placing it at His feet. The thought was so repugnant that he was constrained to the greatest mass murder in history, in the hope of doing away with the Child-King, lest others might prefer that King to himself.

So today, there are many who cannot go to Bethlehem because they hold the reins of some paltry power over men. Captains of industry, rulers of cities and states and nations, leaders of the so-called intellectual world — many of these would not give up their thrones for all the love of an infinite God, and they too are constrained to try to kill Him rather than run the risk of His lessening their power.

The journey to Bethlehem is indeed impossible for those who love their possessions or their power or their sensual pleasures. Only they can make it who are willing to sacrifice a crown and humbly kneel; who are ready to share the poverty of an animal-stable; who do not cling to their lusts as if they were the only worthwhile things in the world.

Have you been able to make the journey?

Church Unity Octave

This month there will be held the Church Unity Octave.

The Church Unity Octave is an eight day period of prayer beginning January 18 and closing January 25 (the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul) in which Catholics all over the world are urged by the Holy Father to take an active part.

Its purpose is the conversion of non-Catholics to the true faith of Christ.

One of the great mysteries of the world is the indifference of uncounted millions of people to the religion founded by Christ. Here are the facts concerning that religion.

1. It cannot be denied that Christ founded a religion. Scripture tells the story and numerous witnesses of the time of Christ attest the truth of the story.
2. It cannot be denied that the Catholic religion is the one and only religion of Christ. Miracles without number have approved it in every century; it bears the marks that Christ

placed on His religion; and it has remained the same in doctrine throughout all the ages.

3. It cannot be denied that Christ wants all men to belong to His religion. "He who hears you (His church), hears Me; He who despises you, despises Me."

Why then are so many people still non-Catholics? This is one reason.

Conversion is not a mere matter of knowing facts. Newman, Chesterton, Brownson, Augustine and a host of other brilliant men knew the facts of the Catholic religion. But it was some time before they submitted their obedience. It is a matter of knowing the facts and *having the grace* to accept the facts.

To obtain the grace of God for non-Catholics is the reason of the Church Unity Octave. "More is done by prayer than the world dreams of." Many parishes will have special prayers each day during the eight. But all of us are asked to plead with God at home, at our work, in the church especially at this time "that all may be one," and that there may be but one fold and one shepherd."

The Wisdom of Bryn Mawr

William Lyon Phelps at one time in his career was invited by the president of Bryn Mawr to join the faculty of that well known women's college and teach English literature. Amongst the questions put to him by the president before he was formally accepted as professor was this one: "Mr. Phelps, what are your views on religion?" Mr. Phelps smiled and answered: "I don't think there will be any difficulty on that point. I should not have been regarded as orthodox by the old-fashioned Calvinists of fifty years ago, but I am a Christian and a member of an evangelical church."

To his amazement, a look of intense disappointment, almost of horror, came over the face of the president. "I am deeply distressed to hear this," she said. "I am most anxious that our girls be left with entirely free and open minds. I do not want them unduly influenced by religious doctrines or biased by any theological or superstitious views. This is a serious drawback, Mr. Phelps. Do you think, if you should be called to our Faculty, that you could keep your religious prejudices out of the classroom?"

Mr. Phelps replied that he understood that he was to be hired as a teacher of English, and not as an evangelist. . . .

There are three comments to be made on this enlightening exchange.

1. Mr. Phelps was to teach literature. But real literature is concerned almost exclusively with views of life, of nature, of man in all his relationships. How then could literature be taught and these views (matters of religion, after all) excluded from consideration?

2. The girls of Bryn Mawr are not unduly influenced by religious doctrines. They are left with entirely free and open minds in regard to doctrine. Are they left with entirely free and open minds in regard to the principles of mathematics and the rules of astronomy?

3. And yet so-called Catholics *will* send their girls to Bryn Mawr! Strange, is it not?

Paternalism For Employers

The Holstein Fixture Co. of St. Louis has worked out this very edifying set of rules for its employees:

1. Smoke and throw ashes on the floor. We will sweep them out after you leave.
2. Spit on the floor—we desire to keep spittoons clean and tidy.
3. Talk loud or whistle, especially when we are busy. If this hasn't the desired effect, sing.
4. Profane language is at all times expected, especially when ladies are present.
5. Call early and often. We attend to our own business at night.
6. If you see anything in the office that you would like to have as a souvenir, just take it without asking. That's what we bought it for.
7. Leave door open on cold days; close it when hot.
8. Use our phone for your own pleasure, our business can wait.
9. Work faithfully for eight hours a day and don't worry. In time you may become the boss and work twelve hours a day and have all the worry.

Unintended Truth

Over a building dedicated to Religion at the Chicago World's Fair was the inscription: "Righteousness exalteth a nation." In the early days of the Fair, this building had not yet been completed, and beneath the above inscription was a sign: "Not yet ready!"

LIGUORIANA

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

TO THE READER

In order that my present work may not be condemned by the over-critical, I think it well to explain certain propositions that will

From: be found in it, and
The Glories which may seem
of Mary hazardous, or perhaps
obscure. I have noticed

some, and should others attract your attention, charitable reader, I beg that you will understand them according to the rules of sound theology and the doctrine of the holy Roman Catholic Church, of which I declare myself a most obedient son.

In the Introduction, referring to the fifth chapter of this work, I say that it is the will of God that all graces should come to us by the hands of Mary. Now, this is indeed a most consoling truth for souls tenderly devoted to our most Blessed Lady, and for poor sinners who wish to repent.

Nor should this opinion be looked upon as contrary to sound doctrine, since the Father of Theology, St. Augustine, in common with most writers, says, that Mary co-operated by her charity in the spiritual birth of all members of the Church. A celebrated writer, and one who cannot be accused of exaggeration or of misguided devotion, says, "that it was, properly speaking, on Mount Calvary that Jesus founded His Church;" and then it is evident that the Blessed Virgin co-operated in a most ex-

cellent and especial manner in the accomplishment of this work. And in the same way it can be said, that though she brought forth the Head of the Church, Jesus Christ, without pain, she did not bring forth the body of this Head without very great suffering; and so it was on Mount Calvary that Mary began, in an especial manner, to be the Mother of the whole Church. And now, to say all in a few words: God, to glorify this Mother of the Redeemer, has so determined and disposed that of her great charity she should intercede in behalf of all those for whom His divine Son paid and offered the super-abundant price of His precious blood in which alone "is our salvation, life, and resurrection."

On this doctrine and in all that is in accordance with it, I ground my propositions — propositions which the saints have not feared to assert in their tender colloquies with Mary and fervent discourses in her honor. Hence St. Sophronius says, as quoted by the celebrated Vincent Contenson, that "the plenitude of all graces which is in Christ came into Mary, though in a different way;" meaning that the plenitude of grace was in Christ, as the Head from which it flows, as from its source; and in Mary, as in the neck through which it flows. This opinion is clearly confirmed and taught by the Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas, who says: "Of the three

ways in which the Blessed Virgin is full of grace, the third is that she is so for its transfusion into all men;" and then he adds: "This plenitude is great in any saint when there is as much grace as would suffice for the salvation of many, but it is in its highest degree when there is as much as would suffice for the salvation of the world; and it was in this degree in Christ and in the Blessed Virgin; for in all dangers thou canst obtain salvation of this glorious Virgin; and therefore it is said in the sacred Canticles that *a thousand bucklers*, that is to say, means of protection against dangers, *hang upon it*. Also, in every work of virtue thou canst have her for thy helper, for she says in the words of Ecclesiasticus, *In me is all hope of life and virtue*.

SINNER'S CONFIDENCE REWARDED

We read, in the life of Sister Catherine of St. Augustine, that in the place where she resided, there was a woman, of the name of Mary, who in her youth was a sinner, and in her old age continued so obstinate in wickedness, that she was driven out of the city, and reduced to live in a secluded cave. There she died, half consumed by disease, without the sacraments, and was consequently interred in a field like a beast. Since Catherine, who always recommended the souls of those who departed from this world, with great fervor to God, on hearing the unfortunate end of this poor old woman, never thought of praying for her, and she looked

upon her (as did every one else) as irrevocably lost. One day, four years later, a suffering soul appeared to her, and exclaimed: "How unfortunate is my lot, Sister Catherine! thou recommendest the souls of all those that die to God: on my soul alone thou hast not compassion." "And who art thou?" asked the servant of God. "I am," she replied, "that poor Mary who died in the cave." "And art thou saved?" said Catherine. "Yes," she answered, "by the mercy of the Blessed Virgin Mary." "And how?" "When I saw myself at the point of death, loaded with sins, and abandoned by all, I had recourse to the Mother of God, saying, 'Lady, thou art the refuge of abandoned creatures; behold me, at this moment, abandoned by all; thou art my only hope; thou alone canst help me: have pity on me.' The Blessed Virgin obtained for me the grace to make an act of contrition. I died, and am saved; and besides this, she my Queen obtained for me another favor, that my purgatory should be shortened, by enduring, in intensity, that which otherwise would have lasted for many years: I now want only a few Masses to be entirely delivered; I beg thee to have them said; and on my part, I promise always to pray for thee to God and to Mary." Sister Catherine immediately had the Masses said; and after a few days that soul again appeared to her, shining like the sun, and said: "I thank thee, Catherine: behold I go to Paradise, to sing the mercies of my God, and to pray for thee."

New Books and Old

The name of Father Paul Schulte is widely known among Catholics and non-Catholics alike for his flying activities in the icy wildernesses around the Arctic circle. Everyone has read of his heroic flight of almost 5,000 miles in August, 1938, when he brought a missionary who was seriously ill at Arctic Bay back to civilization in time to save his life. Father Schulte has now published the story of his adventures in the Arctic (*The Flying Priest Over The Arctic*, Harpers, \$2.75), and I think I can promise prospective readers that they will find it one of the most exciting and gripping books of the year. If there is a heroism more real than that habitually practiced by these missionaries among the Esquimos (who belong to the religious congregation known as the Oblates of Mary Immaculate), you will have to go a long way to find it. Father Schulte describes with frankness the rigours of existence in the "White Hell" of the Arctic as led by the thirty missionaries and five Sisters who labour there. His descriptions of some of the less refined table manners of the Esquimos are likely to be rough on weak-stomached readers, but the humorous anecdotes of which the book is full should appeal to all. These Esquimo missionaries not only know how to suffer, but they know how to laugh, which is perhaps the chief reason (after their deep abiding faith and zeal) why they are able to endure so much. Father Schulte and his "Flying Cross" have been able to bring some alleviation to their hard lot, and I hope that American Catholics will continue to support him when, after the war, he once more takes to the air.

Characters of the Inquisition (Kenedy, \$3.00), a new book by William Thomas Walsh, belongs with the same author's *Isabella of Spain* and *Philip the Second* as a model of painstaking historical research united with a rare gift of narration. There is no reading more fascinating than

This section will no longer be merely a series of book reviews, but will be an informal commentary on new books being published and a guide for readers concerning books worth reading—whether they are new or old. With it is offered an information service—readers may write for suggestions about any kind of books and may order any books through THE LIGUORIAN.

history which unites these two elements, and I for one would not hesitate to put Mr. Walsh in the very front rank of our living Catholic writers. Unlike some others, he is Catholic to the very core, and nowhere is the fact more apparent than in a book of this sort of the Inquisition. Cheerfully he admits and describes the scandals of the inquisitorial system (which indeed, Protestants will not allow us to forget), but stoutly and capably maintains that its essential principles were sound and entirely justified. The story of the Inquisition is presented by means of short biographical sketches of the chief inquisitors in the order of their appearance on the scene. After a preliminary chapter on Moses (the first and greatest inquisitor of all), he treats in turn Pope Gregory IX, Bernard Gui, Eymeric, Torquemada, Cardinal Ximenes, and Llorente. What is lost in continuity in such a method of treatment is made up for in interest, for history has always been most interesting and fascinating through the eyes of the biographer.

Before leaving Mr. Walsh, I should like to record my own opinion that his novel *Out of the Whirlwind*, published by McBride several years ago, despite some defects, is as powerful as any Catholic novel that has appeared since. It contains strong meat, but to those who like substance in what they read I heartily recommend it.

An interesting collection of essays on the Guilds entitled *The Guilds—Medieval and Modern* has been published by the students at Marygrove College in Detroit. This is an experiment in research that other colleges might do well to imitate. The essays are divided into three groups, the first of which describes the various kinds of guilds as they existed in medieval times, the second inquires into the causes of their decline, and the third treats of the efforts being made in modern times to restore them. The

young women who write these essays have evidently devoted much scholarly research to their work, and while the quality of the whole work is necessarily somewhat uneven, Marygrove College is certainly to be congratulated for this valuable contribution to sociological research.

Several worthwhile spiritual books have come to my attention during the month. *The Divine Crucible of Purgatory* by Mother St. Austin (Kenedy, \$2.25) should not be missed by Catholics who have a special devotion to the Poor Souls. Father Nicholas Ryan, S.J., has edited the work (its author died not long ago), and provided a system of references. The book is deeply theological and mystical; in some cases it was rather too mystifying for me; but it has many striking and consoling passages on the nature of Purgatory, and how a person of good will can work out his Purgatory in this life. A little book by Rev. Raoul Plus, S.J., on the Blessed Virgin (*Mary In Our Soul Life*, Pustet, \$1.75) contains many beautiful thoughts, as only Father Plus can express them, on the Blessed Virgin Mary's part in the plan of Redemption, and how we can profit by her God-given authority as Mediatrix of All Graces. This beloved doctrine of Mary's universal mediation actually goes back as far if not further in the tradition of the Church than the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and Father Plus' lucid explanation makes us hope that the Church may soon apply to it her infallible definition. A confrere of the well known Father Edward Leen, Rev. J. Kearney, C.S.Sp., has been publishing some remarkable little books of meditation based on the Imitation of Christ. The latest is *Learn of Me* (Benziger, \$2.00), which treats of conformity to the Will of God as modelled on the conformity of Jesus, and expressing itself in self-denial, mortification and prayer. Father Kearney writes with a nice blend of simplicity of style and depth of thought.

Of the making of pamphlets (happily) there is no end. Of a sociological nature are the following: *What is Corporative Organization?* by Richard Ares, S.J. (Central Bureau Press, 50 cents). A comprehensive 95-page booklet in question and answer form which explains for the layman every phase of corporativism.

With this may be read *The Why and Whither of Labor Unions* by Francis J. Hass (Sunday Visitor Press, 10 cents). Surely no American Catholic is better equipped to write on the subject of unions. *City Slickers and Dumb Farmers* by Emerson Hynes (National Catholic Rural Life Conference, 10 cents) summarizes in concise and attractive form the arguments for bettering Rural Life and the purposes of the Rural Life Conference. Two little booklets of instruction by Dr. Winfield Scott Hall (*Chums* and *Steering the Girl To a Happy Marriage*, Sunday Visitor Press, 10 cents each) strike me as very useful for parents who are seeking information as to how to give their growing boys and girls certain necessary instructions. Of a devotional nature is *Prayers for the Holy Hour*, Bruce, 25 cents. Compiled and arranged by Rev. James J. Graham. The wide variety of prayers in this booklet are arranged for congregational recitation, and priests should find it useful whose duty it is to arrange and conduct the Hour of Eucharistic Adoration. Fathers Rumble and Carty, whose apostolate to non-Catholics is well-known, are issuing a series of 25 Convert Instruction Cards, which explain in a simple way the chief points of Catholic belief and practice. These cards are priced at only 1 cent each.

Two useful little booklets have appeared containing information that is frequently asked about by Catholics and destined to promote the most important practice in any man's life, viz., prayer. One is called *Booklet of Indulgences*, compiled by Benedict Lenz, C.Ss.R., from the new official list of indulgences put out by the Sacred Penitentiary Apostolic in 1937. The other is *The Rosary*, by John A. Kalvelage, C.Ss.R., with complete instructions on how to say the rosary and a complete record of the indulgences attached to it. Both are published by Paluch, 2712 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, and may be purchased in lots for 2½ cents each. They are excellent gifts for converts, as well as appropriate souvenirs for occasions like First Communion, Marriage, feast days, etc. We know of one or two pastors who gave a copy to every one of their parishioners for Christmas. — L. G. M.

Lucid Intervals

Two Irishmen were bragging about their experiences when hunting.

"Well," said one, "the first bird I ever shot was a squirrel. The first time I hit him I missed him altogether, and the next time I hit him, I hit him in the same place. Then I took a stone and knocked him off the tree and he fell in the water and was drowned. And that was the first time I ever shot a bird."

*

"How long you in jail fo', Mose?"

"Two weeks."

"What am de cha'ge?"

"No cha'ge, everything am free."

"Ah mean, what has you did?"

"Done shot my wife."

"You all killed you' wife and only in jail fo' two weeks!"

"Dat's all—den I gits hung."

*

The hill was steep and the load heavy, The donkey did his best, but at last it stopped and would not budge another inch.

Just then the driver saw a man passing.

"Excuse me," he said, "but could you help me to get this load on the top of the hill? It's too much for one donkey."

*

There was a young man who said "Why Can't I look in my ear with my eye?"

If I set my mind to it

I'm sure I could do it.

You never can tell till you try."

*

A rather deaf old lady found herself sitting beside a physician at dinner. She asked: "Should I call you Dr. T—or Mr. T—?"

"Call me what you like, madam," he replied, and added genially: "Some of my friends call me an old fool."

"Ah," she rejoined, not hearing correctly what he had said, but anxious to be pleasant, "those are the people who know you intimately!"

*

"Good morning, lady. I'm from the gas and electric company. Is there anything in the house that won't work?"

"There is. And that's him upstairs, hollering for his breakfast."

"No, sah, Ah doan't neber ride on dem things," said the old colored lady, looking in on the merry-go-round. "Why, de other day I seen dat Rastus Johnson git on an' ride as much as a Dollah's worth an' git off at the very same place he got on at, an' I sez to him, 'Rastus,' I sez, 'yo' spent yo' money—but whar yo' been?"

*

There was a young fellow named Izzie Who went for a drive in his Lizzie.

His view of a train

Was hidden by rain

Alas for poor Izzie, where is he?

*

Somewhere or other we ran across this: "Confound you, sir," said the general, "why don't you be careful? Here instead of addressing this letter to the intelligence officer, you have addressed it to the intelligent officer. You should know there is no such person is the army!"

*

"William," snapped the dear lady viciously, "didn't I hear the clock strike two as you came in?"

"You did, my dear. It started to strike ten, but I stopped it to keep it from waking you up."

*

A Georgia negro evangelist was giving a vivid description of hell.

"Dere will be weeping and gnashing of teeth, brethern and sistern," he shouted.

"Glory be, dat lets me out," cried an old woman on the front seat, "cause Ah ain't got no teeth."

"Teeth!" screamed the dusky preacher, "teeth! Don't you believe dat for one minute, Sistah Jackson. Teeth is gwine to be furnished free of charge by the management."

*

"I'm the lady who sent you that large envelope with detailed suggestions about improving your paper. What I want to know now is this: will my suggestions be carried out?"

"They certainly shall, madam."

"How soon?"

"In about fifteen minutes, when the office boy comes to empty the wastebasket."